

The Nation

VOL. XV., No. 13.]
Registered as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1914.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K., 4d. Abroad, 1d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	473	The Tramp and his Treatment. By Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson ...	492
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		"Plaster Saints." By Israel Zangwill ...	492
Ways and Means of Settlement ...	476	"The Reinhardt Theatre." By Huntly Carter ...	493
Loss and Gain for the Budget ...	477	Mrs. Johnson. By D.C.S. ...	493
Votes for Working Women ...	478	Mr. Garvice and the Society of Authors. By Charles Garvice ...	493
The Overflow of Honor ...	479	Parnell's Genius. By W. Jeans ...	493
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	480	POETRY:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Three Poems from the Chinese of Yuan Mei. By L. Cranmer-Byng ...	493
Saving Society ...	482	THE WORLD OF BOOKS... ..	494
The Critic of Life ...	483	REVIEWS:—	
Highways of Peace ...	484	The Economics of Human Welfare. By Graham Wallas ...	495
SHORT STUDIES:—		A White Man on the Amazon. By R. B. Cunningham-Graham ...	496
Studies of Extravagance. VI.—The Housewife. By John Galsworthy ...	485	A National Opera ...	497
MUSIC:—		Scotland a Nation ...	498
The Strange Case of Richard Strauss. By Ernest Newman ...	487	A Country House Chronicle Romance and Reality ...	502
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—		BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
The Public and the War Trades. By Norman Angell ...	488	Through the South Seas with Jack London ...	502
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	504
A Declaration of Independence. By Janet Case ...	490		
The Situation in Ireland. By W. H. Davey ...	490		
Home Rule and a New Fact. By A. Constant Reader ...	492		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE Government have this week had to perform the difficult feat of a change of front in face of their enemies. A variety of circumstances, for only some of which they are to blame, made this manœuvre inevitable. The first was the Speaker's decision, invited by Mr. Cassel, that Part IV. of the Finance Bill, which deals with the grants in aid, and also its handling of the National Debt, lacked the support of resolutions by the House. This ruling, the lack of time, and the opposition of the Holt Cave to voting new taxes until their allocation had been decided, compelled the Government to economize and vary their procedure. They accordingly separated the Finance Bill into two parts, and not being sure of passing the Revenue Bill—which allocates the temporary grants—they decided to drop these grants, and to omit the last penny on their new Income-tax scale which would have paid for them. The extreme Income-tax, therefore, falls from 1s. 4d. in the £ to 1s. 3d., and the thousands of payments already made on the abandoned scale must be refunded.

In some measure this resolve is a victory of Parliamentary control, but, as the "Westminster Gazette" points out with truth, it is also an acknowleg-

ment of the power of the House of Lords to stop any large scheme of financial reform bound up with the Budget. Mr. Holt and his Cave insisted that the Finance Bill ought not to pass the House of Commons until the Revenue Bill had passed the House of Lords. The Revenue Bill might not, in the strict sense, be a Money Bill all through and, therefore, might have fallen under the axe of the Peers. The Government are, in fact, struggling with the difficulties of the new Constitution which came in with the Parliament Act, which, like all written documents, proves to have its fettering as well as its liberating side.

THE new situation has, of course, produced a crop of embarrassments, and an intricacy of party moves. The Opposition have, from the first, been out for capital, and having contrived, through Mr. Cassel, to dam up the stream of grants for this year, proceeded to condemn the Government for failing to let it through. A resolution to this effect, coupled with a rider against the new valuation, was proposed by Mr. Hayes Fisher, and caught the Labor Party in two minds. They wanted the new grants at once, though not, we hope, without the conditions attached to them, and they also wanted the valuation which was designed to steer the money away from the landlords. The illogic of such a position resolved itself into a decision to abstain on the Hayes Fisher motion. Finally, the Radical feeling against relieving Income-tax payers at the expense of poor consumers found expression, and the dropping of the sugar duty was suggested as an alternative to the reduction of the Income-tax. We have great sympathy for this policy, but there are two objections to pressing it at this hour. The first is that it fails to clear the Chancellor of the Exchequer's accounts, the second that it strikes a serious blow at the entire scheme of conditioned relief to localities and housing and health services. This is the staple of the Budget. The Liberal Party and the nation are in substantial agreement with it, and it cannot be lightly destroyed.

THE issue of these difficult events was seen on Thursday night, when, owing to the foolish withdrawal of the Labor Party—foolish, for the grants in which they are specially interested are all going through—the hostile vote of the Healyites, and the secession of one Liberal, Sir Luke White, the Government's majority fell to 38—303 to 265. The Prime Minister had no difficulty, however, in rallying the entire force of Liberalism to a Budget to which only very rich men can object. He made, we think, two wise qualifications. He agreed that the Treasury ought not to be allowed to lapse into a spending department, and he promised an inquiry into the working of the Income-tax, with a view to simplification. But his general support of the Budget was uncompromising and very powerful. He wiped out the argument that Lloyd-Georgian finance was destroying national accumulations by a recital of the facts about the rich men's scares which have followed all the great financial advances, from Gladstone's succession duties to the present Budget. He insisted that social reform must go

on, and that its cost must increase, and stoutly defended the three cardinal points of the Budget, which he defined as a recourse to the Income-tax and the Super-tax to remedy the injustice of local taxation, the taking of proper security for the efficiency of local administration, and the necessity of a new system of valuation. A vote for the Hayes Fisher amendment was a vote to wreck a plan bound up with the advance of national well-being. The speech fully attained its end, and marks perhaps the most significant advance of official Liberalism, conveyed with proper moderation, but with courage and great skill.

On Tuesday, Lord Crewe introduced the Amending Bill under the curious title of "An Amending Act to Amend the Government of Ireland Act," and the measure itself, consisting of nine clauses, has been printed. Neither it nor the speech contained any unexpected feature save, as Lord Crewe suggested, that both the title and the drafting are wide enough to admit large changes in its framework. The only small surprise is that if Londonderry City desires to come within the Dublin Parliament it is to be regarded as part of the County of Donegal. For the rest, the Bill sets up a six years' exclusion for any Ulster county which votes itself out of Home Rule, and puts it under the general control of the Lord-Lieutenant, *plus* the authority of a new Minister of the Crown—presumably a member of the Cabinet who has merely a small department, such as the Duchy of Lancaster, to attend to. Each excluded constituency will return members to Westminster and will be given its portion of Irish revenues. No new machinery is suggested with regard to Customs and the Post Office, but there is to be a separate provision of judges. Lord Crewe admitted that a perfect system of exclusion was impossible because of the near divisions of faith in counties like Fermanagh and Tyrone. What the Bill really provided was not "automatic inclusion" at the end of the time, but "re-consideration" at the end of two more Parliaments and after six years' experience of an Irish Government and its treatment of Irish Unionists.

LORD LANSDOWNE's reply to this very conciliatory address was cold but not bitter. He expressed "profound disappointment" with the substance of the Bill, whose proposals had been rejected by Unionists and demolished in argument. On the other hand, he declared his disbelief in the whole policy of exclusion, including apparently that which he himself advocates. His own desire was to see the Irish nation "one and undivided," but under the British flag. The present Bill knocked the bottom out of the finance and the administration of the original measure, and the only test of its value that could be applied to it was whether it would suffice to avert "civil war." For that purpose it was clearly deficient. But it was significant that while objecting to the task of amendment or enlargement, Lord Lansdowne did not decline it, and the Opposition peers have by a majority decided to undertake it.

GREECE has succeeded, after considerable opposition from Congress, in purchasing two second-hand warships from the United States. They are useful vessels, carrying 12-inch guns, and are, roughly, equal to our own King Edward class. For the moment, their possession will give Greece a marked superiority over Turkey at sea, a superiority which will vanish, however, in a few months when the two Turkish Dreadnoughts are delivered—assuming, of course, that Turkish seamen can manage a Dreadnought. President Wilson was apparently per-

suaded that he was serving the cause of peace by selling these ships to Greece, and Mr. Churchill professes the same motive for supplying both the Greek and Turkish navies with British officers. Neither calculation seems convincing. Greece has nothing to gain by attacking Turkey; but, on the other hand, unless she can count on Turkish goodwill, she has everything to gain by forcing a conflict before Turkey regains the command of the seas. By these methods of serving peace the Powers and the contractors are between them driving the whole of the Near East to bankruptcy.

KING PETER OF SERBIA, who, after an adventurous youth and a Parisian middle-age, looks and is, in mind and body, much more than his sixty-nine years, has gone for a prolonged cure, and conferred the powers of a Regent on his younger son and heir, Prince Alexander. King Peter's physical and mental decrepitude inclined him to the rôle of a correct constitutional sovereign, and he reigned placidly behind the opportunist M. Pashitch, who in his turn watched public opinion carefully. The Regent, on the other hand, is a rather dashing personality, popular with the Army and the Belgrade crowd, and the leader of the younger officers who did so much to force on the second Balkan war. He has the natural Chauvinism of his years, and his ascent to power augurs ill for the conquered Bulgarians of Macedonia. The Servian Army is just now combating the rather timid efforts of M. Pashitch to maintain the supremacy of the civil power in Macedonia, which the younger military officers wish to keep under the severest form of military rule. The issue between them, after a series of Cabinet crises, is now before the country, and a General Election will take place shortly. With the head of the Army faction on the throne, there is little chance of any lightening of the gross and shameful oppression that weighs on Bulgars and Albanians alike in the conquered provinces.

IN this connection we note with disappointment Sir Edward Grey's answer to Mr. Buxton. Mr. Buxton had inquired, as we did last week, what precisely is involved in the Foreign Office plan of delaying any recognition of the Balkan annexations until the Balkan States accept the obligations imposed by the Treaty of Berlin to respect the rights of minorities. It appears that the Foreign Office will be satisfied with a formal admission by these States of their obligation. That, we imagine, may be had for the asking any day, and it is hardly worth the trouble of asking for it. The only effective course would be, as Mr. Buxton's question suggested, to wait until our Consuls in Macedonia are able to report that the Servian and Greek Governments are in fact respecting the civil and religious rights of the conquered races. "Recognition" is in this case a valuable consideration, for until they receive it, these States cannot lawfully impose their higher tariffs on our imports, but must continue to apply the lower Turkish tariff. It is hard to understand why one measure in this matter should be applied to Turks and another to Christians. We were never content with an assurance from Turkey that she was respecting the Treaty of Berlin.

It was not realized, at the time, that the Italian censorship mangled the news of the recent general strike, but the true facts are now available, and have been pieced together from local newspapers by the "Times." For several days the Romagna (and to a less extent other districts) was entirely in the power of the extremer parties. Anarchists, Socialists, and Syndicalists acted

together, and in several places a provisional Republican Government was set up. The telegraph wires were cut, and it was generally believed, even by educated men, that a national revolution had taken place, that the dynasty had fallen, and that the King had fled to Tripoli. Churches and public buildings were burned, suspects questioned, and the roads closed to travellers unless they could show a revolutionary passport. The Government, alarmed by the indignation which the first shooting at Ancona had caused, did not dare to make any drastic use of the troops. Signor Malatesta, apparently, did not hope to make a permanent revolution, but rather to "test the people." So far he succeeded, and revealed a depth of discontent, a distrust of the whole creaking fabric of government, which ought to read a salutary lesson to the governing parties.

A THIRD ballot of the men in the London building quarrel has ended in a third vote against peace on the terms offered. This time the voting was 14,081 to 4,565. The vote was a surprise in many quarters, and it was taken to mean that the men were resolved to stand out to the last for the closed shop, a resolution that seemed to some observers more heroic than statesmanlike, in view of the resources of the combatants. It was expected that the next move would be a general lock-out, and on Tuesday the Executive Council of the Employers' Federation decided to ballot the master builders. A general lock-out would, of course, create a very grave situation, for it would affect directly about half a million of workers. It was known, however, that many of the master builders were hostile to the policy, and it was doubted whether the provincial builders would agree to precipitate such serious trouble. On Thursday the prospect of peace improved, for the Managing Committee of the trade unions involved decided to ask the London Master Builders' Association if they would meet the various sections in the dispute, while making it clear that no section would resume work independently.

THE agricultural laborer is putting up an excellent fight, both in Essex and in Northamptonshire, and if a tenth part of the sympathy expressed by Liberals and Unionists is sincere, he ought to be sure of powerful support. Take the case of the Essex men. Their wages are 13s. a week when fully employed. In the winter, when there is a great deal of broken time, wages sometimes drop to 6s. They are fighting for 16s. a week for laborers, and 15s. 6d. to 20s. for stockmen and horsemen, with reasonable holidays and recognition of the union. Nearly a thousand men are now involved. The dispute began with the locking out of laborers who joined the union. We are glad to see that a parson is conducting a mission, and preaching the doctrine adopted by the bishops that a living wage should be the first charge on any industry.

IN Northamptonshire the fight will be severe, for Lord Lilford is obstinate, and roundly refuses all invitations to a conference. Lord Lilford and his tenant farmers proscribed the laborers who joined the union, and a man who has worked for Lord Lilford for eighteen years is about to be evicted from his home, together with his mother, who is over eighty. For ten weeks the union has been supporting their twenty-three victims, and it has now called out its members in support of a programme that includes the Saturday half-holiday. Between 600 and 700 men are on strike. The great importance of these struggles is obvious, and all well-wishers to the cause of the agricultural laborer will send help to the General Secretary of the Agricultural

Laborers' Union, Wensum House, Hempton, Fakenham, Norfolk. Meanwhile, the spirit of unrest has spread to Herefordshire, a county that, under the influence of Girdlestone's teaching, took a leading part in the great campaign of the 'seventies.

THE Birthday Honors' List exhibits the usual variety of great merit, little merit, and merit that can only be discerned with the microscopic eye of faith. One or two illustrious names occur in it.

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto"—

the great whirlpool of commonplace. Lord Kitchener, like Lord Cromer, is made an Earl, and the Master of the Rolls, one of the best of our Judges, and the most admirable of our public men, a baron. In all, there are five new peers. Eight baronets are created, including Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir John Williams Benn, the gallant head of the Progressive party on the L.C.C., and twenty-six knights. In this latter list mysteriously appears the great figure of the author of "The Golden Bough," one of the glories of modern English literature, whom we should willingly have seen adorning the Order of Merit. Mr. George Herschel is also there, representing the public gratitude for much delightful pleasure. We also note some admirable local worthies. We deal elsewhere with our method of bestowing State honors in the only spirit which it deserves. There is, we think, a possible measure of reform on the lines of a single National Order, divided, as is the Legion of Honor, into classes, which could be made to cover all the great departments of intellectual and social service, and should be unaccompanied by the grant of titles. Such a system is, of course, open to abuse, and has been abused in France. But it seems to us the only possible way of setting a true standard of national "honor."

THE question of the half-time system has been under discussion again during the last few days. On Friday in last week, Mr. Denman's Children's Employment Bill was debated in the House of Commons after passing through the Standing Committee, and Lancashire members of all parties joined forces against it. The half-time system, under which some 50,000 boys and girls between twelve and fourteen spend half their time at school and half in the mill, is practically confined to Lancashire and to parts of Yorkshire. It may be described as a custom of the cotton industry (one of the richest industries), though it has died out in some cotton centres, such as Manchester and Warrington. Why has it persisted in Bradford, and disappeared in Leeds? The answer is, we think, that cotton and worsted were the great examples of the early factory system, and that in these industries child labor was more radically incorporated in the new system.

THE capital misfortune is that in these industries working-class opinion still supports the system. It was a humiliating experience for England, at an International Conference of Textile Workers, when her vote alone was not given to this reform. Not, of course, that working-class opinion is solid, or anything like it. At the International Conference, Mr. Ben Turner had a mandate from the Yorkshire woollen workers for prohibition. The Women's Labor League and the Lancashire I.L.P. are both conducting a campaign against the system, and, of course, the influence of the Workers' Educational Association is thrown on the same side. In the House of Commons two or three Labor members spoke strongly against it.

Politics and Affairs.

WAYS AND MEANS OF SETTLEMENT.

WHATEVER practical merits may attach to the Government's measure for amending their scheme of Home Rule, it is clear from Lord Crewe's exposition of it that it is essentially an undesired Bill, and that it is undesired because all parties, in their heart of hearts, desire a stronger solution of the Irish case than it can possibly offer. The Government itself did not desire it; the Nationalists do not desire it; the Ulstermen themselves declare that they do not desire it. Why? Because the real position of these parties remains what it was before this Bill was introduced. Liberals and Nationalists still believe in Home Rule as applied to an essentially undivided Irish nation; the Ulster Protestant minority are for the old anti-National association with the Imperial Parliament. None of these dispositions of the minds and hearts of Britishers and Irishmen can now be gratified. Whatever Lord Lansdowne thinks or says, we and Nationalist Ireland will never go back to the Union, even if the Ulstermen will not at once go forward to Home Rule. It is their refusal to march with the rest of Ireland which involves Liberalism and Nationalism in a common difficulty. Liberals shrink instinctively from the coercion of a minority which for generations have been attached to the Union by their own will and by the consent of both the British parties, and Mr. Redmond has never asked them to hand over to him an unwilling or a rebellious Ulster. It is possible to argue that had the recalcitrance of the great Orange faction been fully realized in an earlier hour, it might have been met by some such a plan as that of Mr. Erskine Childers, under which Ireland would have been divided into two for purposes of strictly local concern and have become one for common and national ends. A federal or a bisected body of this type might have met alternately at Dublin and Belfast, and have satisfied the pride of each section and the economic needs of both. This is idealist politics, which may find some embodiment later on in a general plan of devolution. But we have to deal with a Bill which cannot, and will not, be annulled. It embodies a plan for a unitary Ireland, and whatever shape it finally assumes, Liberals may well pause once and twice before they turn it into an instrument for separating her into two permanently ordered camps. At least the Amending Bill sets up no such organization. By the necessity of the case it takes away from Ulster all that properly belongs to a true union with England. She goes back to Westminster an insignificant sect, ruled by an officer without the status and powers of the Irish Secretary, but still dependent on Dublin Castle, or on what remains of it. It is impossible to imagine her shut up for long in this petty enclave. Some escape she must find; and the point of allowing her breathing space to-day is that she may realize for herself, by a hundred paths of habit and convenience, that as Nature planned Ireland as one country, it is not in the power of political artifice for ever to divide her. An absolute sterilization of Ulster could, we suppose, be effected under the powers of an Amending

Bill. But no British Party has acquired the right to frame such a measure, least of all to force it on its Irish opponents.

We therefore dismiss the policy of permanent or, let us say, of absolute, exclusion. What are the alternatives? You can either allow Protestant Ulster to stay out of Home Rule for a definite period, at the end of which she automatically comes in, or you can apply what Lord Crewe calls a process of "obligatory reconsideration." In using these words, Lord Crewe necessarily restricted their meaning to "reconsideration" by the Imperial Parliament. For our part, we should not be inclined to make this reservation alone. It is, of course, a very large reservation. Under it the only risk of the excluded Protestants (provided that they remained consistently anti-National) would be that in five consecutive elections the voters returned a Liberal majority, and that in either of the last two contests the majority thus returned would vote for the "coercion" of Ulster. Even then Parliament's hands would be free. It could "reconsider" the whole matter, and come to any decision, with the effect of retaining the option, cancelling the option, or modifying the option. But we would go a step further. We are committed to the principle of a free union of Ireland. We can therefore properly call on an Ulster county itself to "reconsider" its decision of 1915 on the expiry of the time-limit, or even at an earlier interval. That is, if you like, to leave the door "permanently" ajar, rather than "permanently" shut; and it is as far as any man, committed in his own mind and by the principles of the Home Rule Bill to its affirmation of the cause of self-government, can be required to go. If we be asked whether this be a device of perfect convenience, we may well answer, No. But Lord Lansdowne has himself proposed a test, and one test only, of the acceptability of the Amending Bill, its value as a means of averting "civil war." What excuse for such an act could mortal lips frame when so far as all the great masses of Protestant population were concerned, they could always vote themselves out of or into Home Rule within a few years' interval?

There remains, however, the question of area. The Government have made no declaration on this point, but they have allowed Lord Crewe to emphasize the wide terms in which the title of the Amending Bill has been framed. What is the special difficulty? It turns on those closely divided counties, such as Tyrone and Fermanagh, in which the Protestant minority is large, and therefore more jealous and fearful than in places where Protestantism is an ascendant and a ruling majority. Here, no doubt, lies a core of hot resistance to the Bill, backed by large bodies of Covenanters. This fact may well underlie the demand for a solid exclusion of Ulster, Catholic counties and all. It is not avoidable by a rigid adherence to exclusion by counties. It might, however, be got over by taking the Parliamentary constituency as the unit, as a slight change in the phrasing of the Bill would permit, or by an extension of the exceptional dealing applied to Derry City. But here, again, the broad question of policy comes into view. Is it better in the interests of Ireland to narrow the boundaries of Protestant Ulster, and thus create a strictly homogeneous

Orange State within the greater Irish State, or to throw in a larger leavening of Catholic workers and peasantry? Clearly, if the latter course were taken, the Ulster difficulty would end as a demonstration of "civil war." But it would involve a large and perilous bartering of human rights. The Ulster case has been invoked as a classic example of minority claims. But the claims of Catholic Monaghan and Cavan and Tyrone and Fermanagh appear the moment we envisage a form of government at once so ineffective and so cut off from public opinion as that of a separated Irish province. The matter is eminently one for resort to the statesmanship of the political and spiritual leaders of the Irish nation. If they cannot be forced back into the Union, neither can they be dragooned into accepting an undesirable form of Home Rule. By whatever road we travel, therefore, we come back to the vital element in this controversy. The willing acceptance of Ireland was the first basis of an Anglo-Irish settlement; is it possible to obtain it after twenty-eight years of almost continuous effort? In the end Ireland can only answer that question for herself; but Liberal statesmanship can at least aim at a formula and a method of settling Ulster which will give the least possible offence to the Protestant section and the least possible cause of exasperated disappointment to their Catholic neighbors and the bulk of the Irish nation.

LOSS AND GAIN FOR THE BUDGET.

It cannot be denied that some part of the injury which the Government has sustained over the Finance Bill has been self-inflicted. The "rummaging" of precedents by Mr. Cassel and the consequent declaration of the Speaker that the Finance Bill strayed outside the limits of the resolutions passed, in Committee of Ways and Means, were merely instruments for the enforcement of a minor but still a salutary rule, which the Government had transgressed. This was an oversight, the fruit of hurry. It was accompanied by a more considered error. To ask Parliament to sanction the raising of money for purposes to which legal sanction has not yet been obtained, is something more than a formal encroachment on the Parliamentary control of finance. The cave-dwellers, who, with their leader, Mr. Holt, raised the banner of revolt, were doubtless animated by mixed motives. But their protest cannot entirely be dismissed as pedantic. Parliament ought not to have been asked to vote money for specific purposes before taking the necessary steps which enable these purposes to be carried into effect. The matter is complicated by the still over-hanging menace of the House of Lords, which may at any moment doom a Revenue or allocating Bill on the ground that it is not wholly a Money Bill. But after all it appears that neither the Speaker's ruling nor Mr. Holt's cave was the real source of trouble. For, in any case, the Government would have felt obliged to take the steps which they have taken, and to incur the risks and injuries they have incurred. Why? Simply because, as Mr. Samuel explained, there was not time enough to carry through the measures required to give effect to their financial proposals. But this, of course, is a confession of haste, for

there has been no shrivelling of time itself between the Budget speech and the period when the Finance Bill must become an Act.

Admitting this initial error, we are not disposed to quarrel with the course adopted by Mr. George to provide against its financial consequences. The easiest course, no doubt, would have been to retain the proposed taxation, and to apply the proceeds, as intended, to the relief of local taxation, but without the provisions allocating this relief to buildings and improvements. This would have greatly pleased the Opposition, for not only would it have gone largely as a dole to landlords, but it would have greatly enhanced the difficulty of passing into law a Rating Bill for the correction of this abuse of finance. Of course, it is annoying for local bodies who were counting upon this money at the earlier date to submit to the postponement. But a burden that has been borne so long is not made intolerable by delaying the relief from December to April. The idea that such a postponement "robs" the ratepayers is ridiculous. The ratepayers ought not to be relieved until it is provided, as well as may be, that no part of their relief shall be such as to raise the selling and letting value of the site. To have yielded on this point would have been to convert a venial into a mortal error. No doubt some Liberal members, having the possibility of an early election before their eyes, and seeing the elector in his sensitive capacity of ratepayer, might have been willing to run this risk. But the Government most properly rejected this course. If, however, the two millions were to be withheld from relief of rates for this year, what was to become of them? They might no doubt have passed automatically as an Exchequer balance into the Sinking Fund, if they had not, as is more probable, been raided on the journey by the Admiralty or the War Office, and converted into soldiers or submarines. But such loose budgetting would have been indefensible, and would have given a perilous precedent. One other method of using the money was strongly urged from the Liberal and Labor benches—viz., that it should be applied to the remission of the Sugar Duty. But those who asked for this seem to have forgotten, not merely that a much larger sum was needed to compass this desirable object, but that the money in question was only available during the current year, and could not, therefore, be ear-marked for the permanent remission of the Sugar Duty. But while we are disposed to think this a proper reply, we regret that in giving it Mr. George virtually acknowledged no intention to repeal the Sugar Duty, or otherwise to reduce the breakfast-table taxes, before going to the country next year. To repeal the sugar tax alone, he pleaded, would involve 2d. more upon the income-tax. Doubtless it would, unless some check could be put upon extravagance in armaments. But we must repeat once more that it is a bad thing for a Liberal Government, which has been eight years in power, to have taken no steps to redeem the pledges which its individual members, at any rate, have repeatedly made to the electorate, to remove these burdens on the food of the working classes.

But, if it be admitted that this loose two millions

was no proper instrument for this reform, the sole remaining course was that actually adopted by Mr. George, namely, to reduce the taxation of the year. We cannot confess to any sympathy with what appears to be the main contention of the Labor Party, that it is the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to get all he can out of the rich, irrespective of whether the money is wanted for current public services. The proper and economical adjustment between revenue and current expenditure is of the essence of sane public finance. The actual result of the taxing policy which Labor men appear to favor would be to offer a constant premium and inducement to the most reckless and importunate of the spending departments, with results disastrous alike to our finance and our policy. We have no sympathy whatever with the tone adopted by some of the wealthy Cave-men in their criticism of the finance of social reform. But we share with them the desire that governments should conform to sound methods alike in raising revenue and expending it, and should be forced to cut their coat according to their cloth.

All through the excursions and alarums, however, it is important to note that there has been no attack upon the substance of the Budget. Its grand feature has been the boldness of its plan for an increased yield from taxes levied on forms of communal wealth. But no body of criticism whatever has been brought to bear upon the taxes it imposes, nor upon its scheme of considered aid to the rates. The real animus of the Opposition is manifestly directed to one point, the central valuation of site values, and the setting up of machinery for making the owners of this unearned wealth bear a larger part of the cost of the public services. And yet this defence of the least defensible right of property does not take shape in any open challenge of the justice of the principle involved in the new rating. It simply feels round for every form of dilatory tactics which may hamper the practical achievement of the financial reforms needed to promote the welfare of our town populations. Those reforms stand practically unchallenged. The Chancellor has been the first statesman to make them possible, and there is not a party in the State which can stand openly in the path to their achievement. This is a gain which far outmeasures the small discomfitures of a rather muddled hour.

VOTES FOR WORKING WOMEN.

THE reception of the delegates of the East End women by the Prime Minister may mean, if the friends of the suffrage are resolute and wise, a new departure and a new chapter of hope in the history of this question. The public conversation between them was memorable, not merely for the moving directness of what the women said, but also for the sympathy and understanding shown in Mr. Asquith's reply. If the movement has lately met with some passing disfavor among those who, at the best, take no movement seriously, it is steadily making its way in grades and classes of working women whom it used to find indifferent. Its basis has steadily broadened. For at least a generation professional women have been all but unanimous in their demand for the vote. It is twelve years since the textile workers of the North of

England began, through their trade unions, to work steadily and decidedly for it. There is now at last in the East End of London among the sweated workers themselves, the class which is always the last to find the freedom of mind to strike a blow for itself, an agitation considerable in its volume and vehement in its energy. For these last recruits in the struggle for emancipation, the deputation spoke. They had little or nothing to say about some aspects of this movement, which appeals especially to educated minds, to whom it is first of all a protest against the whole view of women, of which their inferior political status is the sign. A class condemned to statutory inferiority will either spend its energy in revolt or allow its powers to be depressed by the consciousness of an accepted stigma. These East End women live among realities. For them the vote means the engine by which they may remove some at least of the intolerable hardness, some of the crushing inequalities, of their shadowed lives. They put their case by accumulating fragments from the life-history of themselves and their neighbors. One woman produced a brush which sells for ten shillings. Her share of the price is twopence, and for that reward she fixes the bristles, a two hours' task. A shilling a day, in spite of the good which Wages Boards have done, is still an average woman's wage. Starvation wages, crowded homes, insanitary factories, children born without the hope of health, and at their door the tragedy of the unmarried mother—these are some of the realities of life as these women see it. They, therefore, demand the vote for working women as a weapon of protection.

It is a simple claim of right, and perhaps because it rises so directly from the hard facts of modern life it is more readily grasped than the moral argument for equality of status. Mr. Asquith reminded the deputation quite fairly that Parliament has done something for sweated women, but he admitted as candidly that it has not done enough. The neglect which makes part of the case for enfranchisement is rarely absolute. The Factory Acts were passed long before the Reform Bill which enfranchised the workmen of the towns. But it was only after their enfranchisement that social reform became a national policy, and the foundations of modern democracy were laid in the next Parliament through compulsory elementary education, and the charter of trade unionism. Few politicians are so callous as to deny in principle the more urgent claims of an unrepresented class to legislation. Such claims are met rarely with denial, usually with delay, and always with half-measures. The average politician is conscious of a certain virtue when he turns aside on Friday afternoon, or in those slack seasons of a session which grow constantly rarer, to "do something" for those who have no direct claim upon his time and no control upon his votes. To the unrepresented he gives of his charity; for his electors he works. The gain from the enfranchisement of women would not be so much that Parliament would advance to questions which it will not touch to-day. It is rather that these questions would become central in its thinking. In one guise or another the fairer distribution of wealth is the question which must absorb and include all others in the future. Vital for the pros-

perous and organized male worker, it touches the unorganized and scarcely organizable woman worker with a tragic and elementary directness. For him it means the possibility of a decent human life; for her it is bare existence, with possible personal dishonor as the alternative. By the direct pressure of votes, women cannot fail to achieve much in the way of promoting legislation and stimulating the activity of administrative departments which have their economic welfare in their keeping. The advance towards a wider application and a larger interpretation of the minimum wage will be rapid. The women who work for the State in schools and post-offices, or for contractors who serve the State, will be the first to feel the new temper. But even more influential than the force of direct pressure from voters, will be the new habit of mind in which Parliament, parties, and the press will be trained, when they realize that, in fact as well as in sentiment, women are half the nation.

The time has long passed for argument over the academic merits of woman suffrage. For some years the question has not been whether it shall be granted, but when, and how, and by whom? The opposition hopes only for delay. Its supporters fear only that delay must mean the waste of a great force, the risk of a growing embitterment, an intolerable unrest, a wanton alienation of this ardent self-sacrificing movement from the progressive forces which ought to have been its allies and champions. It is, on our reading of the future, morally certain that if Liberalism fails to grant it on a democratic, Conservatism will concede it on a narrow basis. Nothing less than the powerful opposition of the Prime Minister could have delayed it during the last three years, and even that would have been unavailing if our politics had not been overshadowed by the Irish question. The tone of Mr. Asquith's answer to the East-End deputation makes for the hope that his attitude will in future be less unqualified. He seemed to attach less importance to the broad question of giving or withholding the vote, than to the terms on which it shall be granted. His preference for a straightforward measure of adult franchise is shared by most Radicals and by all the Labor Party. That means much, for the unflagging work of the constitutional suffragists in recent years, in alliance with organized labor, has converted its old academic assent into active sympathy. No one will doubt that who saw the great platform of the Albert Hall last February at the National Union's meeting, packed by hundreds of working men from all over England, of whom each represented a trade union as its accredited delegate. The Conciliation Bill seemed a valuable instalment of reform in 1910; but after five years of work and agitation and hope deferred, it will be a much larger recognition of their claims that women will demand and deserve.

But the choice between adult suffrage, the "Dickinson" compromise, or the "Conciliation" instalment, will depend entirely on the attitude of official Liberalism, and on the distribution of parties in the next House. After the instructive history of this Parliament, no man who cares for his own reputation as a sincere and clear-thinking politician will play with proposals for a Private

Member's Bill, or waste his energy on face-saving efforts by unofficial groups of members. The thing can be done only by a Government which knows its own mind from the first. Those Ministers who believe in woman suffrage are clearly bound to put it in their electoral programme, and to declare for a Government measure. The obstacles to this course are obvious—the importance of other issues, the opposition of a small minority within the party, the unpopularity of militancy. The obstacles to shelving the question are, to our thinking, much the more formidable. If a minority in a party counts for something, the overwhelming majority counts for more. It cannot again bind itself to the delays which Sir Edward Grey and other Ministers long ago declared to be intolerable. Some of these Ministers would not, we think, consent to take office in a Cabinet precluded from action on the suffrage. The middle course of waiting for something to turn up, and trusting to the luck of a Private Member's Bill, is discredited by its history in this Parliament. The party refused the method of unofficial compromise when it was open, and the "torpedo" which sank the Conciliation Bill submerged the hope of any similar procedure. The way out of this tangle is clear. The next Liberal Cabinet is bound to be a Suffragist Cabinet. There may, of course, be a Tory Cabinet, which will aim at a narrow Bill. But Mr. Asquith's instinct is sound. Liberalism can adopt this reform with full conviction and enthusiasm only in a democratic shape. But the party which moulds a great human claim to its own principles and its own reckoning of expediency must pay the price and shoulder the responsibility.

THE OVERFLOW OF HONOR.

"When Mr. Pitt, in an age of bank restriction, declared that every man with an estate of £10,000 a year had a right to be a peer, he sounded the knell of the cause for which Hampden had died on the field and Sydney on the scaffold."—"Sybil."

OVER a page of Monday's "Times" is occupied with the names of some hundreds of gentlemen and two or three women, who have been raised to various titles, degrees, and distinctions above the rank of the mass of their fellows. This is called the Birthday Honors' List. The persons named in it consist of members of the Royal Family, officers of the Army and Navy, civil servants, politicians, professional men, a man of letters, many local worthies and dignitaries, and a number of rich men disguised as philanthropists. The two ultimate sources of this stream of honors are the King and the Prime Minister. Their conduits are the Party Whips, managers, and secretaries, who have the ear of the Executive, and the Court officials who perform the same office for the King. The appointments are of various types. Some represent the automatic Ascent of Man through the various steps of an Order. Other Orders, in turn, are of different degrees of splendor, so that the Knight or the Commander of one constellation can look down on the official of another Order as well as on a common Companion of his own. The non-official multitude enter into the kingdom of inequality through the broad gate of the knighthood, or the narrower portals of the

baronetcy, till they approach its inmost courts by way of the peerage. The press, assisting at the mystery of these re-incarnations of mere men, provides a running commentary on their merits. A gentleman, for example, known to the public or his commercial rivals as pre-eminent in the region of Margarine or Milk, appears as a giant of social endeavor, endowed with qualities of moral or civic worth entirely obliterating those of successful tradesmanship. But there is one thing absolutely and rigorously concealed from all eyes save those which, at an earlier stage of these social accouchements, have been directly or indirectly apprised of them. That is the "consideration" which precedes a portion of these honors, and is yet delicately regarded as their incidental feature rather than their compelling cause. Another fact which is kept in the background, though it is common knowledge to the general public, is that the drenching shower of political rewards descends, with rare exceptions (governed by private friendship or public convenience), on the inhabitants of one great party continent, while the other remains thirsty and bare till such time as its own Special Providence happens to be in the ascendant.

We take no fanatical ground on this question of honors. Every civilized nation, excluding one great Republic, but not another, celebrates this sacrifice on the altar of inequality. But no one of them makes such a generous offer of its principles as our own. For we encourage every form of social preference at once. Unlike the French, we make titular women as co-partners with the men. Unlike all Republics, we confer titles in addition to honorary or selective symbols. Nor does the implied profession of democracy by one party, or the implied rejection of it by another, qualify the practice of successive British Governments in the matter of "honors." Indeed, the later Liberalism has descended in a very cloud-burst of titles, enriching both Houses of Parliament, and all grades of Liberal workers but the humblest, beyond all comparison with the not un-bounteous droppings of previous administrations. New spheres of fertilization have been opened up, and hitherto neglected corners, such as the ancient office of the Privy Council, have been placed at the disposal of the hewers of Liberal wood and the drawers of Liberal water. A joyous sense of well-being has thus pervaded the whole party, and unwonted flowers of loyalty, confidence, and affection have bloomed round the givers' path.

Shall we venture to cast one cloud on this scene of universal felicity by hinting that as in this English climate of ours we may have too much rain, so in the political champaign it is possible to have too many honors? We do not know whether the Liberal managers have sufficiently considered the grave question that, by making nearly everybody a member of the Privy Council, or a Knight, the King might not be deprived of his recourse to secret counsellors and knighthoods of their exchange value. This is not a light matter. We observe, for example, that Mr. James George Frazer has been made a Knight. Mr. Frazer is responsible for one of those great inquisitorial efforts which the human mind makes once or twice in a generation. He has been honored by both our ancient

Universities, and his brother scholars might have rejoiced to see him enrolled in the fine companionship of the Order of Merit. But as a Knight, it seems impossible to restore him to the distinction which is his own, save by a considered measure of de-Knighting, a reverse accolade, such as the pundits of heraldry might well invent or elaborate. Indeed, it must already be obvious that the rapidly diminishing minority of Liberals who have not been knighted are in danger of becoming a specially distinguished class by themselves, and thus of nourishing, in the bosom of the democratic party, those habits of class arrogance and spiritual pride which are its bane. We incline, therefore, with some hesitancy, to a change of policy. It is possible, but difficult, for a Liberal Government to make no Knights. But at the present rate of production, we question whether the time has not come for placing the honorable order of Knighthood on a broad national basis. The nationalization of the land can wait. But the nationalization of Knights seems to be over-due.

One final consideration. Liberalism has hitherto shrunk, with wise caution, from altering the basis of the distribution of political "honors." As we have said, they are usually attached to the rendering of services of varying merit to the party of progress. But now and then an exception has been made in favor of one or two well-endowed gentlemen who have received a Knighthood from the hands of a Liberal Minister without in any way varying their staunch adherence to Unionist or Conservative opinions. Might it not be well to extend this deserving class of recipients? We do not suggest their admission into the class of gratuitous Knights. A fee might, we think, properly be attached to Conservative receivers of Knighthoods during the existence of a Liberal Government. The party funds would thus receive a handsome addition, contributed on precisely the same principles as those on which the Protectionist advocates the taxation of the foreigner. Why not tax our foreigners? Liberalism could thus live on Conservatism, and pursue its own principles in happy independence of the strictly partisan purse.

A London Diary.

VARIOUS causes have contributed to the recasting of this year's Budget—the statutory guillotine by which the time available for the successive stages of a Finance Bill is now governed, the threatened revolt of the Holt group against the principle of contingent grants, and also (perhaps chiefly) the Speaker's hint that the scheme as it stood would probably fail to come within the ambit of the Parliament Act. Three years ago a much simpler Finance Bill—the first to be brought in after the passing of the Parliament Act—was refused its certificate as a Money Bill, solely on the ground that it contained one or two technical pieces of "tacking." As Mr. Lowther specially mentioned this Bill as an example of precedents which it would be well to avoid, it became impossible for the Government to ignore the warning, unless, indeed, they were prepared to take the risk of

another Budget *coup* in the other House. Probably the risk would have been small—on such an issue even Lord Milner would be slow to “damn the consequences” a second time. But as the parents of the Parliament Act, Ministers naturally feel bound to observe the rules which it lays down, though if they had had their present experience to guide them at the outset they would certainly have devised a more flexible instrument.

On this point a Liberal Member writes me:—“The confusion over the Finance Bill is unfortunate. There are three factors. (1) The time the measures in the original proposal would have taken; (2) the Speaker’s ruling; (3) the Holt cave. Probably No. 1 was the real consideration that weighed with the Government, for when a close calculation was made, it was made clear that it would take till October to get the measures through. No. 2, of course, made it easier for them to come to their decision. But the parties to No. 3 are almost indecently happy, and are taking all the credit of a not over-cheerful situation. The result is to awaken a strong feeling of resentment among the Radicals, who blankly charge the Liberal millionaires (not without reason) of having pressed as much out of private selfishness as of public virtue. That would not be a truthful description of men of the type of Mr. Holt and Sir Charles Nicholson, but the whole movement smelt too much of money.”

PART of the late Liberal cave has no doubt been a refuge of discontent with the Chancellor’s methods and policy. Well, the Adullamite is no new figure in Liberalism. Gladstone knew him, and Campbell-Bannerman. Excellent men inhabit these retreats. But they are usually built in the West-End of politics. Mr. George has his defects, as have most doers of the word in comparison with hearers and expounders of it. But who proposes to replace his ideas, and his power of getting them through? I don’t observe a rush of competitive candidates. And I don’t see Liberalism falling back into its old formalism, and living another six months on it. Granted, the Chancellor needs criticizing. So do all politicians. But if you discredit genius in a party, you are apt to leave a wide area of aridity behind.

I AM glad to think that the attitude of the Opposition with regard to the Amending Bill is not considered at all uncompromising. The comprehensive title allows them full scope for any suggestions, and the Peers will certainly give it a second reading. But underneath lies the old tough obstacle, which makes settlement seem out of the question—Fermanagh and Tyrone. Include these, and Carson will deal. But nothing will induce Redmond to give them up, and nothing will induce Carson to accept less. I imagine that the exclusion of the whole of Ulster is not contemplated as a possible suggestion. There are rumors of a possible conference between the two Houses on the disputed points in the Amending Bill. The Federalists are perhaps the most hopeful of the sections. And their hopes still rest on the setting up of a Convention as an escape from the general confusion. Incident-

ally, one hears of the King’s renewed but unrewarded efforts to bring about a meeting of the parties.

THE bulk of Nationalist opinion is, of course, hostile to the exclusion of any area of Ulster larger than the four counties with clear Protestant minorities. But a section of some account, in character and status, if not in numbers, thinks that a better policy would be to let a larger Catholic element filter into the Protestant mass. This section, surprising as it may seem, includes one or two high Roman ecclesiastics, notably Cardinal Logue and the Catholic Bishop of Derry.

ONE hears the curious story that a report on the military character and arrangements of the Ulster Volunteers has been made to the Kaiser by a specially qualified official.

EXCEPT in Ulster, “provocation” is an elastic term, but in that part of the world it has only one meaning—even when applied to the prospective visit of a military band. A well-authenticated story reaches me from a famous health resort in County Down of a triple or quadruple provocation of this character. Either three or four military bands had been engaged for a local and entirely non-political celebration, when, to the annoyance of the inhabitants, the engagement was suddenly cancelled by the military authorities in consequence of representations from some official busybody that the threatened invasion of the district by such a large military body might be attended with serious risks. Happily, the War Office, on being appealed to in this new military crisis, seems to have acted with great firmness. All the bands concerned were ordered to keep their engagements, and not only did no mutiny ensue, but the celebration is reported to have passed off with unbroken harmony.

I AM told by one who was present at Mr. Asquith’s reception of the East-End women’s deputation last Saturday that he listened with deep attention to their accounts of personal experience, and was evidently much moved. One woman produced two brushes from her pocket and showed the Prime Minister how she had to fill the holes with bristles—two hundred holes for 2d.—and it took her nearly two hours to fill one brush, though she worked with the skill of forty-three years’ practice. The brush then sold for half-a-guinea. Others described work at cigarette packing, sewing, and the labor of keeping house for oneself and husband and six children on 25s. a week. But the most touching story was told by a woman who had been driven from a jam factory because she refused to yield to the foreman, and had then taken in—“naturally, of course, sir”—a girl who had yielded and came with her baby. “But sooner than take the food out of my children’s mouths, she went out one day, and I never see her again till three days afterwards, when she and the baby was dragged out of the river.” Another woman exclaimed: “We women perform the dignified service of motherhood—even statesmen has mothers, I suppose, sir—and yet we’re not allowed a voice in the making of the laws, and the law says we’re not the parents of our own children!”

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

SAVING SOCIETY.

THE appeal to individuals to save society by regulating their own conduct has always been attractive to many sorts of good and intelligent people. If everyone did his little bit, minding his own business, in a helpful and a kindly way, and not hampering himself with "organizations," "movements," and "causes," much more, it seems, would get done. Political action, trade combination, co-operation, profit-sharing, and other directly social agencies turn out very disappointing as methods of redressing the poverty and other troubles of the workers. If only there were something which each of us could do, feeling sure that it was something really helpful! The mistakes of Ruskin and the Christian Socialists were, first, that the conduct they required of their captains of industry and landlords was too "heroic," involving a complete and immediate transformation of the business system from a profit and rent apparatus into a human trust; secondly, that it could only be compassed by a considerable amount of co-operation, with its accompanying disagreement and friction. But if the prophet would only bid me do something entirely "on my own," appealing to my individual intelligence and conscience, I might be persuaded, and others would follow my example, and so society would be saved! For what, after all, is society but you and me? Little drops of water, little grains of sand! Now this is exactly what Mr. Hartley Withers sets out cheerfully to do in his interesting little book, "Poverty and Waste" (Smith, Elder). He will have many readers, for, coming with the seasoned reputation of a financial expert, he will escape the suspicion of being a sentimentalist. Moreover, the simplicity of his gospel will surprise and delight.

He starts from two premisses: first, that the actual condition of large classes of our workers is utterly indefensible on grounds of equity or of humanity; and, secondly, that none of the stock "Socialist" or "social" remedies is safe or adequate. It is to him idle to talk about abolishing, or even greatly modifying, the wage-system. What you have got to look to is some action that will, by the ordinary play of economic forces, raise and steady wages. Now, this, Mr. Withers holds, can only be achieved by cutting off expenditure on luxuries and so adding to the supply of capital. If the well-to-do would stop consuming luxuries, which do them no good, and which they do not really enjoy, and would bank and invest their increased savings, all sorts of blessings would ensue. For what the working classes are really suffering from is scarcity of capital and consequent scarcity and dearness of food and materials. Stop buying luxuries and save the money, you will increase the supply of capital available and bring down its price (the rate of interest). A fertilizing stream of capital would thus flow into large fields of business enterprise which at present stand parched and hungry. Think of what could be done by developing the canals and waterways of the country, by carrying out improved railroad and street communications in London! "All over the country there are big things waiting to be done to equip this old land and help it to grow more stuff for us, and to bring the good stuff from the grower to the user. With capital plentiful and cheap, and the energy of the people put into the work, it might multiply its output manifold."

But how, it may be asked, is labor to benefit? Well, if the demand for luxuries were abated,

the new enlarged flow of capital would be into domestic or foreign industries engaged directly and indirectly in turning out more and better goods, clothes, and other necessities and conveniences of life. This would be doubly advantageous for our workers. The increased quantity of capital requiring the help of labor would raise the demand for labor and the payment for it, and would furnish fuller and more regular employment. On the other hand, the enlarged output of foods and other necessities would so lower their price that the workers, with their higher money wages, would make a second gain out of the cheapness of the goods they consume. Nor would the investor lose so much as might appear by the fall of interest that his greater savings brought about; for the industries now open to him for investment would be safer, if less profitable. Of course, if a miraculously sudden disuse of luxuries were possible, the disorganization and the unemployment would be an injurious effect. But a gradual transformation of industry and employment would be attended by no such loss. Finally, the old notion that rising wages, thus brought about, would soon be cancelled by an increase of the working population, is entirely exploded by the new evidences that prove a rising standard of wages to be attended by a reduction of the birth-rate.

Here is a most seductive line of argument. Unfortunately, it is vitiated by a defective pre-supposition. Mr. Withers seems to think that if his economic reasoning is sound, it must be understood and recognized as such by members of the luxury-consuming classes, and that in that event their consideration for their fellow-creatures would compel them to follow the counsel he tenders, and to save what they now spend on luxuries. They would put down their motor-cars and telephones (the types of luxuries selected by Mr. Withers), and would substitute for those foolish fleeting joys the nobler satisfaction of feeling that, by each exercise of self-restraint, they were benefiting to some minute degree the general body of the working classes. But to suppose this is to ignore the subtle and corrupting influences of great possessions. Simple and convincing as the logic of his reasoning appears to Mr. Withers, he will find it makes little appeal to the minds of his rich friends. Even if they give a formal assent, they will have no "realizing faith" in it. For such a realization might, as Mr. Withers desires, disturb their peace of mind and ways of life, and they are not going to be disturbed if they can help it. They do care a great deal for these comforts and luxuries which Mr. Withers rates so low, and very little for their less fortunate neighbors whose gains Mr. Withers rates so high. So they will refuse to undergo the process of intellectual conversion.

There are, however, other difficulties. It would indeed matter very little to Mr. Withers's public-spirited rich how low fell the rate of interest under the new régime, for whatever it was, it must automatically be re-invested. Otherwise—i.e., if they applied it to personal expenditure—it would mostly go to buy luxuries and so to restore the evil system they desired to destroy. We are, therefore, asked to envisage a plutocracy, continually receiving interest, and continually re-investing it not for their own gain or gratification, but for that of the working classes. As it matters nought to them what the rate of interest is, they will have to evolve some new sense to displace that serviceable selfishness which at present directs the application of new capital. That is to say, they will invest their capital in ways which *they* think most advantageous to the working classes, each member of this *they* having his own peculiar notions as to what the workers ought to want. A further difficulty would arise when this benevolent plutocracy had fitted up

the workers with all the goods which Mr. Withers regards as "necessaries." When that point was reached, one of two things must happen. Either the workers must continually reduce their hours of work until they sank into a virtually complete leisure class, like their benefactors, or else they must begin to purchase and consume things that were regarded formerly as luxuries. Would the time never come when each working-man must keep his motor-car and have the use of a telephone and other apparatus of civilized life?

Finally, we would venture to express a doubt whether it is quite reasonable to expect that social salvation can safely be left to private individual enterprise. If the care of the material and moral well-being of each member of society devolves primarily upon that member, must not the care of the well-being of society as a whole devolve upon society, not in its distributive, but in its collective sense?

THE CRITIC OF LIFE.

TOWARDS the end of his essay on Joubert, Matthew Arnold draws a vivid picture of each generation's onset as, in its turn, the new generation arrives; first its sharpshooters, its quick-witted, audacious light troops; then the elephantine main body. The imposing array of its predecessor, he says, it confidently assails, riddles it with bullets, passes over its body. It goes hard then with many once-popular reputations, with many authorities, once oracular. Only two kinds of authors, he says, are safe in the general havoc: one, the Homers, the Shakespeares, the sacred personages, whom all civilized warfare respects. The second are those whom the out-skirmishers of the new generation recognize, though the bulk of their comrades behind might not, as of the same family and character with the sacred personages, exercising like them an immortal function, and like them inspiring a permanent interest. The advance guard snatch them up, he continues, and set them in a place of shelter, where the on-coming multitude may not overwhelm them. They are safe; the multitude will not trample them down, as Matthew Arnold's generation were already trampling down Lord Jeffrey and Lord Macaulay, whose rhetoric gave pleasure, but not the bond of joy by which men's spirits are indissolubly held. And among this secondary class, which yet is safe, he places Joubert. Of such as Joubert he writes:—

"How far better, to pass with scant notice through one's own generation, but to be singled out and preserved by the very iconoclasts of the next, then in their turn by those of the next, and so, like the lamp of life itself, to be handed on from one generation to another in safety! This is Joubert's lot, and it is a very enviable one."

That enviable lot, it seems to us, Matthew Arnold himself now shares. Him the sharpshooters of the new generation have not assailed. Those quick-witted, audacious light troops have not riddled him with bullets, nor passed over his body. Rather, they have recognized him as of the same family and character with the sacred personages, have snatched him up, and set him in a place of shelter, where the on-coming multitude may not overwhelm him. He also, it appears to us, is safe. And he owes his safety, not to the pleasure of rhetoric; he owes his safety to his power of shedding an illuminating truth, and thereby holding men's spirit in the indissoluble bond of joy. For the joy of that illuminating truth, his work is handed on, like the lamp of life itself, from one generation to another in safety. So now we welcome from the Oxford University Press an eightpenny collection of his literary essays—the "Essays in Criticism," "On Translating Homer," and five other essays for the first time

collected. Most of these essays were written nearly fifty years ago. They have already survived the onset of two generations, and the price of eightpence is in itself a further mark of safety. Like Joubert's, Arnold's is an enviable lot.

To have won this enviable lot, we must suppose that Matthew Arnold exercises an immortal function and inspires a permanent interest. To many of his contemporaries this would have appeared a ludicrous idea. He was commonly derided as "the apostle of culture"—the easy-going scholar and student of literature, who stood smiling and criticizing amid the strenuous battles of political and economic life. He even wrote poetry himself, and among practical men of affairs no offence could be more damning, or could more rigidly exclude from the right of being heard. To the politicians and economists of the time, he appeared as futile and inept as the fop upon the Shrewsbury battlefield appeared to Prince Hal. No doubt with an eye on Matthew Arnold, John Bright exclaimed against "People who talk about what they call culture! by which they mean a smattering of the two dead languages of Greek and Latin." And about the same date, Mr. Frederic Harrison (no veteran then!) developed this general attack into a pointed onslaught, beginning:—

"Perhaps the very silliest cant of the day is the cant about culture. Culture is a desirable quality in a critic of new books, and sits well on a professor of *belles lettres*; but as applied to politics, it means simply a turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action. The man of culture is in politics one of the poorest mortals alive. For simple pedantry and want of good sense no man is his equal. . . . Perhaps men of culture are the only class of responsible beings in the community who cannot with safety be entrusted with power."

Mr. Frederic Harrison has lately, we believe, added women to men of culture as beings who cannot with safety be entrusted with power, or any share in political life, and perhaps, after fifty years, women have, in his opinion, surpassed even Matthew Arnold as being in politics the poorest mortals alive. But the sentence shows with what scant or hostile notice his own generation regarded the man whom even the sharpshooting iconoclasts of to-day set in a place of shelter. With Socratic irony, Matthew Arnold replied at the time that he did not wish to see men of culture asking to be entrusted with power; that he rather objected to being called by the "Daily Telegraph" an "elegant Jeremiah," because Jeremiah was the very one of the Hebrew prophets whose style he admired least; but that by culture he meant a great deal more than a desirable quality in a critic of new books, and that for the present the only speech he could make to his fellow-countrymen in a committee-room was the "Know thyself" of ancient Greece.

"Know thyself!"—that was the commandment he laid upon his fellow-countrymen without relaxation, and with a delicacy of spiritual intuition he enabled them to fulfil it. Culture, he continually explained—though even now the "elephantine main body" refuse to believe him—culture has nothing to do with a smattering of Greek and Latin, nothing to do with Botticelli pictures or William Morris decorations, or the life of Garden Cities. Culture is "the study of perfection." It may be a scientific passion for pure knowledge; it may also be a moral and social passion for doing good. It may take as its motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent"; or it may take Bishop Wilson's words: "To make reason and the will of God prevail." It is as practical as politics, though much more difficult; and as strenuous as money-making, though much less obvious in its results. Whichever is its motto

and its object, culture, since it is the study of perfection, aims always at an internal condition. It is perpetually recalling to our memories the ancient, disregarded truth, "The Kingdom of God is within you." That was the central truth which his fellow-countrymen appeared to Arnold to have forgotten. The Barbarians of the aristocracy, safe among the barbaric pleasures of their country houses—"those great fortified posts of the Barbarians"—had forgotten that the Kingdom of God is within. The Philistines of the middle classes had forgotten it, caught up in the external machinery of life and politics and religion. And the Populace had forgotten it, being brutalized by their toil or bemused by their fun.

To all these classes Matthew Arnold kept repeating the hidden truth that greatness of rank, greatness of wealth, of industry, of Empire, of numbers, go for nothing. The only true greatness—the only greatness worth striving after—is a spiritual condition. "Know thyself," he cried to the country, "and behold how far short you are of the only greatness that counts!" When the Liberals and manufacturers of that day raved about the glories of leaping and bounding prosperity, immense industrial development, and the sterling qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race, he brought up the concrete example of lack of greatness in poor Mr. Smith, secretary to an insurance company, who killed himself "because he labored under the apprehension that he would come to poverty, and was eternally lost." Or he brought up the example of Sir Daniel Gooch, whose mother repeated to him every morning when he was a boy going to work: "Ever remember, my dear Dan, that you should look forward to being some day manager of that concern!" And in answer to dithyrambs upon "the unrivalled happiness of the best breed in the whole world, superior to all," he brought up the case of Wragg. Let us recall a few sentences from that familiar passage—a passage in which Arnold's irony is dyed for a moment in Swift's indignation. Newspapers had reported that a girl named Wragg left the Nottingham workhouse with her illegitimate child, which "was soon afterwards found dead on Mapperly Hills, having been strangled. Wragg is in custody":—

"Wragg! If we are to talk of ideal perfection, of 'the best in the whole world,' has anyone reflected what a touch of grossness in our race, what an original shortcoming in the more delicate spiritual perceptions, is shown by the natural growth amongst us of such hideous names, Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg! In Ionia and Attica they were luckier in this respect than 'the best race in the world'; by the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing! And 'our unrivalled happiness'—what an element of grimness, bareness, and hideousness mixes with it and blurs it; the workhouse, the dismal Mapperly Hills, the gloom, the smoke, the cold, the strangled illegitimate child! . . . And the final touch—short, bleak, and inhuman: Wragg is in custody. The sex lost in the confusion of our unrivalled happiness."

So it goes on. It is the spirit of such passages—the discerning, urbane, but indignant spirit—which places Arnold among those who exercise an immortal function and inspire a permanent interest. Always insisting that greatness is an internal condition and that the Kingdom of God is within, he brought the same discerning spirit to bear upon our society, our literature, and our religion. Bounding prosperity may have nothing to do with social welfare; popular rhetoric and big sales may have nothing to do with literature; acceptance or denial of the historic portions of the Bible may have nothing to do with religion. And in politics, what would we not give to have him once more among us now, pointing out to the Protestant preachers and bishops of Ulster that the inhabitants of the other three provinces in Ireland are not really Hittites, Jebuzites, or Amalekites; that because the plan-

tation of Ulster was accompanied by horrors and massacres similar to those perpetrated by the Israelites in Palestine it does not prove that Ulstermen are a Chosen People; and that, as a matter of bare fact, the present Pope has no connection whatever with the Scarlet Woman in the Book of Revelation!

There are many controversies for which we would desire the return of that courageous and keen-edged spirit, so polished and urbane, so deadly in its thrust. Again we might learn how much better it is to recognize the Kingdom of God within us than to insist on rights of property or Imperial expansion; how much better to disregard or forego the rights of the law and its letter than to diffuse a mental blood-poisoning between men and women, or between one level of education and another. But any who will expend eighteenpence upon a single book of his may still hear his voice guiding them to that right judgment in all things for which we pray, so often unsuccessfully.

HIGHWAYS OF PEACE.

EIGHTY miles from London the Bath Road runs with almost the smoothness of Oxford Street. The telegraph poles, fruited with twenty-six wire-bearing china spindles, make it impossible to stray from the speedy artery; the motorist has nothing to concern himself with but the clutches of his engines and the instrument of noise with which he keeps the way clear. No doubt he often succeeds in overlooking a monument some five thousand years older than the telegraph poles, and much more huge, that stands as close to the way just before the eighty-first milestone is reached. It is artfully disguised as a hill, and to those very uncritical of hills, might pass muster as one of them, or as a natural termination of the downs that here press upon the road. But it is the undoubted work of the Stone Age equivalent of pick and spade, and it is the grandest specimen of its class in Europe. Its base measures five acres, its height is a hundred and thirty feet, and the shadow of a pointer on its summit would mark the progress of the year on the flat meadows below by just the same scale as the shadow of the Great Pyramid. Probably it was a sun-clock, by means of which the pre-Druid Britons worthily read the year, and timed the periods of agriculture and of sun-worship.

If thousands would pass Silbury Hill without seeing it, tens of thousands would ignore the finger-post that indicates the turning to Avebury and some other places of equal or superior modern importance. It lies only a mile off the main road. We could hoot up to it and back through Beckhampton at the loss of only a minute or two, or we might stay there for ever to chip flints for the slaying of wild horses and mastodons. To provide against the latter contingency, we had better not have in our pocket Mr. Hippisley Cox's "Green Roads of England" (Methuen). He fits this ancient capital of British civilization into the centre of a radiating series of roads far different from our modern road to Bath, with halting-places, scarcely one of them occupied to-day by any collection, however small, of human dwellings. England is, after all, large enough to carry two networks of ways, one hidden from the other, and one remote from the other by thousands of years; one for the million wheels, and the other to be had of the solitary traveller, the lark overhead, and the flowers of the downland turf underfoot. The new ways run through the flat land of the valleys, and from one valley to the other by the lowest neck that can be found. They rejoice in the borrowed name of "highway"; but it is the old way

that is the real high-way, or ridge-way. It shuns the lower levels like a plague, as no doubt they were when the ridge-ways came into being, and it threads together the cities of the old civilization by Olympian paths, of which the modern wayfarer is ignorant.

Avebury is the Stone Age in large print and in plain English for every traveller to read. At other places, the highly specialized guide can show you, from a certain standpoint and in the exactly proper slope of sunlight, a shadow or two which some say are ancient hut-circles and others the work of fungus. But every road into Avebury cuts through a high green mound which still nearly surrounds the village. It rises fifteen feet from the plain, then drops into a V-shaped ditch thirty feet deep, from which a fresh climb would land the trespasser in the Temple. And all among the ways of the village, by vicarage path and in cottage paddock, the huge stones which our ancestors of fifteen thousand generations ago set on end stand in silent testimony that there were great men before our time. Avebury is the flower of the stern highland system that preceded Druidism and Imperialism, and Mr. Cox is no doubt right in making it the capital of Britain, as it is the centre of all the ridge-ways of the southern part of the island. A circle of camps on the hills rising immediately round it made this lowland position as tenable as the ridges themselves. It was the heart of religion and of law and of commerce, whose long arms stretched out from it to Salisbury and the Channel, to the Mendips and the Atlantic, to the Chilterns, and thence to the Wash, to the Cotswolds and the Pennines. Mr. Cox guides us in either direction, showing us where to find the camps at the end of each old-world day's journey of about twelve miles. We should have liked to go with him to Camelot, and shall some day, but one circumstance and another made us go first in almost the opposite direction.

Three roads out of the Temple keep you on metal, and two of them take you to that Bath Road, with its twenty-six telegraph wires. But the fourth, with scarcely a pretence of doing anything else, yields you with a laugh to the crisp turf of the downs, the silent green way. Sarsen stones are still a feature of the landscape, but they are rarely set on end like those round the Temple. Long barrows and round tumuli are the monuments more favored in the uplands. Once, we saw far off amid the moraine-like double streak of sarsens that the way gladly follows, a clear ring in fresher color. It was in a place uncharted for hut circle, camp, or any other relic of antiquity, yet the circle was true and sharp as though drawn with compasses in primrose ink on green velvet. It grew yellower yet as we walked to it, and proved to enclose a diameter of twenty-four yards with an unbroken line of cistus or rock rose. Is there some hidden foundation for this circle of soft flame, or has some plant of a few hundred years old had the ambition to spread for ever outwards round a hollow centre, always joining hands? There should be no flower of the downs, nor any bird that builds its nest on their turf or in their rabbit-holes, that is not a direct descendant of those that gave joy to the men who first trod here. Yet we imagine in our vain moments that the grey sarsen stones are all that remain of a very grey age. If the downs have been gay since the Ice Age, with horse-shoe vetch and hawkweed, that ancient human order may or must have had a richness that we cannot imagine when we look upon a chipped flint or a laboriously up-ended boulder.

What were the horrors that our stone-armed ancestors looked down upon in the swampy jungle of the Thames Valley as they clung to their ridgeway and hurried to the next fortified place? Less than a hundred

years ago, every traveller in England went armed, and the stage coaches carried a battery comparable with that of a man-o'-war. Must we multiply that lawlessness by fifty to arrive at that of the Stone Age, or may we not hazard a guess that it was against the cave tiger and other monsters that some of these entrenchments were dug? With a little stockading, they might do as well in proportion to their requirements as the trenches with which Mr. Hagenbeck encloses his wild animals at Hamburg. The ditch at Barbury Castle, running all the way round, and as clear-cut to-day as it can ever have been, has sides steeper than the roof of a house. The camp is grandly situate, on a promontory of the downs, facing the problem of how to reach the Cotswolds across the detested lowland. Bincknol Camp is below it, but on the edge of a second escarpment which plunges to the Avon valley. The traveller who asks for Bincknol may fail to find it, if he does not know that the local pronunciation makes it rhyme with "final." Our green road into the Cotswolds leaves "Bin'l" on the left, and artfully finds a neck of land between that precipice and the one by which the motor road swoops to Wanborough. It takes us through a great plain of fields without hedges, because they are all ploughed fields. Pink patches of sainfoin are falling to the rattle of the mower; cool yellow mustard drinks the sunshine; oats and barley run with silky waves. Their harvest will flow home by the same unmetalled way that linked ancient Barbury and Ringsbury. When it becomes private, we follow it nearly enough by secondary roads through Lydiard Tregoze and Lydiard Millicent.

Lyd, says Mr. Cox, means frequented or populous. Since the valleys became safe, population has moved to Swindon, and travellers go from London to Cardiff by the iron road. But we come to Ringsbury (it is in the corner of an allotment field at Restrop) without seeing a train. That is one day's journey from Barbury, though the bicycle makes it but an hour. Another takes us to Trewsbury (in a gentleman's garden). We are here just above an alleged source of the Thames. Another hour will give us the better-loved one of Seven Springs, and not far from it, Crickley Camp. We have gained a nobler highland than even Barbury, and all around us flourish once more the ancient strongholds, fresh from the spade, and untouched by any worse modernity than the golf club. On our way we passed through Miserden, called "Miserdine" by its natives, and "Miserdon" by a unique slip in Mr. Cox's charming book.

Short Studies.

STUDIES OF EXTRAVAGANCE.*

VI.—THE HOUSEWIFE.

THOUGH frugal by temperament, and instinctively aware that her sterling nature was the bank in which the true national wealth was deposited, she was of benevolent disposition; and when, as occasionally happened, a man in the street sold her one of those jumping toys for her children, she would look at him and say:—

"How much? You don't look well!" and he would answer: "Tuppence, liddy. Truth is, liddy, I've gone 'ungry this lawst week." Searching his face shrewdly, she would reply: "That's bad—it's a sin against the body. Here's threepence. Give me a ha'penny. You don't look well." And, taking the ha'penny, she would leave the man inarticulate.

Food appealed to her, not only in relation to her-

* No individual has posed for any of these caricatures.

self, but to others. Often to some friend she would speak a little bitterly, a little mournfully, about her husband. "Yes, I quite like my 'hubby' to go out sometimes where he can talk about Art, and War, and things that women can't. He takes no interest in his food." And she would add, brooding: "What he'd do if I didn't study him, I really don't know." She often felt with pain that he was very thin. She studied him incessantly—that is, in due proportion to their children, their position in Society, their Christianity, and herself. If he was her "hubby," she was his "hub"—the housewife, that central pivot of society, that national pivot, which never could or would be out of gear. Devoid of conceit, it seldom occurred to her to examine her own supremacy, quietly content to be "*integer vitae, scelerisque pura*"—just the one person against whom nobody could say anything. Subconsciously, no doubt, she must have valued her worth and reputation, or she would never have felt such salutary gusts of irritation and contempt towards persons who had none. Like cows when a dog comes into a field, she would herd together whenever she saw a woman with what she suspected was a past, then advance upon her, horns down. If the offending creature did not speedily vacate the field, she would, if possible, trample her to death. When, by any chance, the female dog proved too swift and lively, she would remain sullenly turning and turning her horns in the direction of its vagaries. Well she knew that if she once raised those horns, and let the beast pass, her whole herd would suffer. There was something almost magnificent about her virtue, based, as it was, entirely on self-preservation, and her remarkable power of rejecting all premises except those peculiar to herself. This gave it a fibre and substance hard as concrete. Here, indeed, was something one could build on; here, indeed, was the strait thing. Her husband would sometimes say to her: "My dear, we don't know what the poor woman's circumstances were, we really don't, you know. I think we should try to put ourselves in her place." And she would fix his eye, and say: "Robert, it's no good. I can't imagine myself in that woman's place, and I won't. Do you think that I would ever leave you?" And watching till he shook his head, she would go on: "Of course not. No. Nor let you leave me." And, pausing a second, to see if he blinked, because men were rather like that (even those who had the best of wives), she would go on: "She deserves all she gets. I have no personal feeling, but if once decent women begin to get soft about this sort of thing, then good-bye to family life and Christianity and everything. I'm not hard, but there are things I feel strongly about, and this is one of them." And secretly she would think: "That's why he keeps so thin—always letting himself doubt, and sympathize, where one has no right to. Men!" Next time she passed the woman, she would cut her deader than the last time, and seeing her smile, would feel a sort of divine fury. More than once this had led her into Courts of Law on charges of libel and slander. But, knowing how impregnable was her position, she almost welcomed that opportunity. For it was ever transparent to judge and jury from the first that she was that crown of pearls, a virtuous woman, and so she was never cast in damages.

On one such occasion her husband had been so ill-advised as to remark: "My dear, I have my doubts whether our duty does not stop at seeing to ourselves, without throwing stones at others."

"Robert," she had answered, "if you think that, just because there's a chance that you may have to pay damages, I'm going to hold my tongue when vice flaunts itself, you make a mistake. I always put your judgment above mine, but this is not a matter of judgment, it is a matter of Christian and womanly conduct. I can't admit even your right to dictate."

She hated that expression, "The grey mare is the better horse"; it was vulgar, and she would never recognize its truth in her own case—for a wife's duty was to submit herself to her husband, as she had already said. After this little incident, she took the trouble to take down her New Testament and look up the story of a certain woman. There was not a word in it about women not throwing stones; it referred entirely to men.

Exactly! No one knew better than she the difference between men and women in the matter of moral conduct. Probably there were no men without that kind of sin, but there were plenty of women, and without either false or true pride, she felt that she was one of them. And there the matter rested.

Her views on political and social questions—on the whole, very simple—were to be summed up in the words: "That man——!" and, so far as it lay in her power, she saw to it that her daughters should not have any views at all. She found this, however, an increasingly hard task, and on one occasion was almost terrified to find her first and second girls abusing "that man——," not for going too fast, but for not going fast enough. She spoke to her husband about it, but found him hopeless, as usual, where his daughters were concerned. It was her principle to rule them with good, motherly sense, as became a woman in whose hands the family life of her country centred; and it was satisfactory on the whole to find that they obeyed her whenever they wished to. On this occasion, however, she spoke to them severely: "The place of woman," she said, "is in the home." "The whole home—and nothing but the home." "Ella! The place of woman is by the side of man; counselling, supporting, ruling, but never competing with him. The place of woman is in the shop, the kitchen, and——" "The—bed!" "Ella!" "In the soup!" "Beatrice! I wish—I do wish you girls would be more respectful. The place of woman is in the home. Yes, I've said that before, but I shall say it again, and don't you forget it! The place of woman is—the most important thing in national life. If you want to realize that, just think of your own mother; and——" "Our own father." "Ella! The place of woman is in the——!" She ceased speaking, feeling that, for the moment, she had said enough.

In disposition sociable, and no niggard of her company, there was one thing she liked to work at alone—her shopping, an art which she had long reduced to a science. The principles she laid down are worth remembering: Never grudge your time to save a ha'penny. Never buy anything until you have turned it well over, recollecting that the rest of you will have turned it over too. Never let your feelings of pity interfere with your sense of justice, bearing in mind that the girls who sell to you are paid for doing it; if you can afford the time to keep them on their legs, they can afford the time to let you. Never read pamphlets, for you don't know what may be in them about furs, feathers, and forms of food. Never buy more than your husband can afford to pay for; but, on the whole, buy as much. Never let any seller see that you think you have bought a bargain, but buy one if you can; you will find it pleasant afterwards to talk of this. Shove, shove, and shove again!

In the perfect application of these principles, she had found, after long experience, that there was absolutely no one to touch her.

In regard to meat, she had sometimes thought she would like to give it up, because she had read in her paper that being killed hurt the poor animals; but she had never gone beyond thought, because it was very difficult to do that. John was thin, and distinctly pale; the girls were growing girls; Sunday would hardly seem Sunday without; besides, it did not do to believe what one read in the paper, and it would hurt her butcher's feelings—she was sure of that. Christmas, too, stood in the way. It was one's duty to be cheerful at that season, and Christmas would seem so strange without the cheery butchers' shops, and their appropriate holocaust. She had once read some pages of a disgraceful book that seemed going out of its way all the time to prove that she was just an animal—a dreadful book, not at all nice! As if she would eat those creatures if they were really her brother animals, and not just sent by God to feed her. No; at Christmas she felt especially grateful to the good God for His abundance, for all the good things He gave her to eat. For all these reasons she swallowed her scruples religiously. But it was very different in regard to dairy produce; for here there was, she knew, a real danger—not, indeed, to the animals, but to her family and herself. She was for once really proud of the

thoroughness with which she dealt with that important nourishment—milk. None came into her house except in sealed bottles, with the name of the cow, spiritually speaking, on the outside. Some wag had suggested, in her hearing, that hens should be compelled to initial their eggs when they were delivered, as well as to put the dates on them. This she had thought ribald; one could go too far.

She was, before all things, an altruist; and in nothing more so than in her relations with her servants. If they did not do their duty, they went. It was the only way, she had found, to really benefit them. Country girls and London girls, they passed from her in a stream, having learned, once for all, the standard that was expected from them. She christened and educated more servants, perhaps, than anyone in the kingdom. The Marthas went first, being invariably dirty; the Marys and Susans lasted on an average, perhaps, four months, and then left for many reasons. Cook seldom hurried off before her year was over, because it was so difficult to get her before she came, and to replace her after she was gone; but when she did go, it was in a gale of wind. The "day out" was, perhaps, the most fruitful source of disillusionment—girls of that class, no matter how much they protested their innocence, seemed utterly unable to keep away from man's society. It was only once a fortnight that she required them to exercise their self-control and self-respect in that regard, for on the other thirteen days she took care that they had no chance, suffering no male footstep in her basement. And yet—would you believe it!—on those fourteenth days, she was never able to be easy in her mind. But however kindly and considerate she might be in her dealings with those of lowly station, she found always the same ingratitude, the same incapacity, or, as she had reluctantly been forced to believe, the same deliberate unwillingness to grasp her point of view. It was as if they were always rudely saying to themselves: "What do you know of us? We wish you'd leave us alone!" The idea! As if she could, or would! As if it were not an almost sacred charge on her in her station, with the responsibilities that attached to it, to look after her poorer neighbors, and see that they acted properly in their own interests. The drink and immorality and waste amongst the poor was notorious, and anything she could do to lessen it, she always did, dismissing servants for the least slip, and never failing to point a moral. All that new-fangled talk about the rich getting off the backs of the poor, about the law not being the same for both, about how easy it was to be moral and clean on two thousand a year, she put aside as silly. It was just the sort of thing that discontented people would say. In this view she was supported daily by her newspaper, and herself, wherever she might be. No, no! If the well-to-do did not look after and control the poor, no one would, which was just what they wanted. They were, in her estimation, incurable; but, so far as lay in her power, she would cure them, however painful it might be.

A religious woman, she rarely missed the morning, and seldom went to evening, service, feeling that in daylight she could best set an example to her neighbors.

God knew her views on Art, for she was not prodigal of them—her most remarkable pronouncement being delivered on hearing of the disappearance of the "Monna Lisa": "Oh! that dreadful woman!—I remember her picture perfectly. Well, I'm glad she's gone. I thought she would some day." When asked why, she would only answer: "She gave me the creeps."

She read such novels as the library sent, to save her daughters from reading a second time those which did not seem to her suitable, and promptly sent them back. In this way she preserved purity in her home. As to purity outside the home, she made a point of never drawing Robert's attention to female beauty; not that she felt she had any real reason to be alarmed, for she was a fine woman; but because men were so funny.

There were no things in life of which she would have so entirely disapproved, if she had known about them, as Greek ideals, for she profoundly distrusted any display of the bare limb, and fully realized that, whatever beauty may have meant to the Greeks, to her and Robert it meant

something very different. To her, indeed, Nature was a "hussy," to be tied to the wheels of that chariot which she was going to keep as soon as motor cars were just a little cheaper, and really reliable.

It was often said that she was a vanishing type, but she knew better. Pedantic fools murmured that Ibsen had destroyed her, but she had not yet heard of him. Literary folk and artists, Socialists and Society people might talk of types and liberty, of brotherhood and new ideas, and sneer at Mrs. Grundy. With what unmoved solidity she dwelt among them! They were but as gad-flies, buzzing and darting on the fringes of her solid bulk. To those flights and stinging she paid less attention than if she had been cased in leather. In the words of her favorite Tennyson: "They may come, and they may go, but—whatever you may think—I go on for ever!"

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Music.

THE STRANGE CASE OF RICHARD STRAUSS.

For some of us the sitting out of Strauss's new ballet at Drury Lane the other evening was like attending the funeral of a lost leader. For apparently Strauss is now quite dead so far as music is concerned. Hanslick used to say that in England—he might with equal truth have said the whole artistic world over—it is difficult to win a reputation and impossible to lose one. Strauss may congratulate himself on this trait of canine fidelity in the public. The music of "The Legend of Joseph" is bad enough to ruin any man's reputation but his; had one of the younger German composers written it, everyone would have been talking contemptuously of the German vein being exhausted. Whether it is or is not, it is hard to say. Threatened nations, like threatened men, have a way of living long. It is nearly forty years now since Tchaikovski gave it as his opinion that German music had come to the end of its resources. Well, since then we have seen Brahms—the Brahms whom Tchaikovski could never understand—taking more and more confidently his place in the great Teutonic line; and we have seen Richard Strauss—the Strauss whom we used to know as a man of genius—enriching music with a new vocabulary, a new idiom, and a new psychology. German music may yet renew its youth, perhaps in the person of some composer sealed of the tribe of Schönberg. But one vein of German music is certainly used up—the post-Lisztian-Wagnerian vein; and in exhausting that, Strauss has evidently exhausted himself also. He is now one of the dullest and at the same time one of the most pretentious composers in Germany.

It is not pleasant to have to say things like this of a man who was once our leader. The obvious *riposte* from the Straussians—of whom there are probably a few still surviving—is that the degeneration may be in the critic rather than in the composer. Mr. Bernard Shaw suggested, when he and I were exchanging compliments over "Elektra" three or four years ago, that I failed to see the true inwardness of that work because I could not follow Strauss's new harmonic language; whereby Mr. Shaw simply demonstrated his comical ignorance of Strauss, of modern music, and of me. Strauss's harmonic idiom in "Elektra" presented no more difficulties to any ordinarily good musician than a page of average German prose does to a linguist; while in the works that have followed "Elektra"—especially "Ariadne auf Naxos," the "Festliches Präludium," and "Joseph"—the harmony is for the most part relatively as simple as Mozart's. Our complaint against the present Strauss is not that he is a wild pioneer hustling us against our will along an unknown and terrifying road that may lead anywhere, but a tired and disillusioned mediocrity lagging behind his fellows and behind us and beckoning us back to the road that leads nowhere. We can forgive anything in an artist but commonplace. Strauss is now virtually nothing but commonplace. In "Salome," "Elektra," and the "Rosenkavalier" there are quarters-of-an-hour

of dazzling genius; in "Ariadne auf Naxos" there are moments of genius not quite so dazzling; in "Joseph" there is not a page of genius, or even of a talent beyond that of a good hundred composers whom one could name.

What will save "Joseph," if it can be saved, is the splendor of the *décor*, the beauty of the dancing, and, it may be, the quality of the old story and the suggestiveness of the action. It is true that the authors of the scenario, with a typically Teutonic childishness, have tried to overlay the simple story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife with a bastard sort of symbolism; but on the stage the symbolism does not carry, even to those who have taken the trouble to wade through Count Kessler's super-solemn preface to the score. All that the authors and composer have done is to exploit the naked story for every penny that it is worth, and, by transporting it from Egypt to the Venice of the sixteenth century, to give it an almost insolent magnificence of color. Ten years ago Strauss would probably have treated the subject ironically, as Fielding did in "Joseph Andrews." To-day he talks pseudo-philosophy about it with Count Kessler and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. At one point, and one only, have the German authors added a really effective touch to the story. The greater part of the first scene is a mere quasi-dramatic excuse for dancing; the temptation scene is just what one might have expected it to be; the final scene, with the angel leading Joseph away, is a combination of the last Act of Gounod's "Faust" and the British Christmas card. But the ballet of the women venting their rage and horror on Joseph after the catastrophe—a kind of outward projection of the despair and frenzy of Potiphar's wife after her repulse—not only intensifies the action just at the point where it might have been in danger of thinning out, but has inspired Mr. Fokine to one of his most expressive pieces of mimetic invention.

The Russians, indeed, have done their part of the work magnificently. It is only Strauss who has failed us. It is no question of failing to see his meaning or disagreeing with his bent, as in the case of some of the real leaders of the musical thought of the day. One's objection to "The Legend of Joseph" is very simple: look where one will, the score is a mass of unredeemed banalities. The writing is the merest journalese of music, the self-satisfied, platitudinous orotundity of the leading article and the party speech. The opening theme, and all the subsequent developments of it, are simply the eleventh-fold chewing of a ten-times masticated German standing dish. The paradoxical tonalities of the first dance promise well for a moment, but the interest of the dance is exhausted in less than a dozen bars. The music for the boxers is simply the usual late-Straussian bluff; the noises in the moments of great dramatic intensity are simply the usual late-Straussian bluster; the affected theme of Joseph is simply the third-rate attempt of a dull mind to invent something "characteristic"; the finale is imposing only in virtue of its piling-up of orchestral color, not of any value in the ideas themselves. Even Strauss's technique seems to have deserted him; from the mere point of view of effect the new work is a perpetual disappointment. He has obviously written himself out, whether for good or only for the moment remains to be seen. It is pitiable to think that all that is left of the man who wrote "Don Quixote" is the platitudinarian and futilitarian who has written "The Legend of Joseph."

ERNEST NEWMAN.

Present-Day Problems.

THE PUBLIC AND THE WAR TRADES.

IN some circles, where the discussion of this subject rages, this parable is so over-worked as to be statute-barred. But I doubt whether it is very generally

known, and whether any other can be found that so well fits these particular problems. It is as follows:—

In a certain Chinese province cholera had broken out, and the Viceroy, doing what he could to cope with it by active sanitary measures, found himself "up against" the Coffin Trust. But they soon came to terms. He and his staff received a large block of shares in the Trust, and the newspapers of the province received very highly paid advertisements of the Trust's wares. Result: Violent outbreaks in the press of the province against the tyranny of the sanitary measures; their alien and un-Chinese character; their association with foreign doctors, the slight they involved upon the ancient and venerable science of Chinese medicine, the reflections upon the wisdom of the Chinese ancestry; and so forth, and so forth. Public opinion was greatly stirred; there were demonstrations of protest against the hated measures, so that finally the Viceroy "yielded to popular feeling," rescinded the sanitary regulations, and allowed the outbreak to be treated in the good old-fashioned Chinese way, by the beating of tom-toms and the administration of powdered tiger's liver (also a great source of lucrative advertising for the Chinese papers). Result: The cholera raged, and the Coffin Trust paid huge dividends. "Which proves," said the Chinese Socialists, "that cholera is a capitalistic interest, and that you will never get rid of cholera until you have got rid of capitalism." To all pleas for disseminating among the general population some real knowledge of the nature and causation of cholera, of the part which their personal habits played in its dissemination, of the effectiveness of certain sanitary measures, and so forth—to all this the Chinese Socialists paid but indifferent attention. "The only thing that really matters," they urged, "is to get rid of the Coffin Trust and the capitalist. When that is done, there will be no more cholera." It need hardly be added that these thorough-going Socialists attributed not the least importance to the fact that in States every bit as capitalist-ridden as China, intrigues like those of the Coffin Trust would have been quite impossible.

Now this little parable is called irresistibly to mind in reading Mr. Brailsford's brilliant arraignment of the intrigues of financiers and concession hunters, and the part they play in the maintenance of European armaments ("The War of Steel and Gold"). Those were intrigues which it was urgently necessary to expose; just as it would certainly have been useful to expose the intrigues of the Coffin Trust. And not merely has Mr. Brailsford dealt with these facts more ably than they have ever been dealt with before, but he deals with certain other phases of the international problem just as penetratingly. The book is certain to become an essential part of the literature of the subject—in any case it deserves to—and with many, perhaps most, of its conclusions the present writer is in cordial agreement. But there is an outstanding one—the one which creates perhaps the net impression left by the work, and the one emphasized by most of the reviews I have read—which implies a diagnosis concerning the nature of the forces at work around us as erroneous and inverted as that of the Chinese Socialist, and one likely to be fraught with equally disastrous practical consequences.

Mr. Brailsford deems that the political conceptions of the mass, whether true or false, have little to do with war and armaments. "There never yet was a war," he says (p. 129), "for which the mass of any nation were responsible." For the dry warfare of armaments he places the emphasis of blame still more

upon the intrigues of the financiers and concession-hunters. He does not deny the existence of immense folly in the mass, "an infinite capacity for illusion" and "meaningless abstractions wrapped up in a fog of words," nor the currency of "a whole series of fallacious axioms and half-truths," which furnish the elements for emotional explosion and ignorant distrust" (p. 158). But this, apparently, has little to do with the case. "We must seek," he says (page 166), "the reason for the survival of armaments in some cause more rational and more permanent than the prevalence of fallacious thinking and the persistence of barbaric sentiment":—

"The fear of war, the struggle for the balance of power, the competition in armaments, which, in Sir Edward Grey's phrase, threatens to submerge civilization, the universal nightmare amid which we are 'rattling into barbarism'—all this is seen to be a characteristic product of modern finance and modern capitalism. . . . Shall the Germans dig for iron ore on the slopes of the Atlas, and carry it in the form of steel rails to Baghdad? . . . To settle this question and similar questions which belong to the same order, the young men of Europe are drilled, the battleships are built, and the taxes squandered."

Now, even assuming that this is true in fact, the effect of placing the emphasis of blame upon the intrigues of the few instead of upon the "fallacious thinking and barbaric sentiments" of the many, is to put the greater evil out of sight, and to prompt measures which its existence, however we may ignore it, is bound to render ineffective.

Before dealing with that point—which is the one, however, I want to emphasize—just a word as to the facts. All the statistics available—as, for instance, those furnished by the "Economist" concerning the destination of new capital, and the figures analyzed by Sir George Paish in his paper to the Royal Statistical Society (Society's "Journal," January, 1911)—show that capital goes mainly to Canada, the United States, Australia, South Africa, Argentine, Brazil, and other Spanish-American countries (i.e., to areas not subject to the armament-backed diplomacy of Europe), and that the "political" concessions of the Baghdad Railway type represent relatively so small an employment of exported capital, that if this field were completely closed to our financiers, the trade as a whole would hardly feel the deprivation.

But even if we assume this not to be the case, Mr. Brailsford himself furnishes striking evidence to show that, to the extent to which that trade is interested in those concessions, it would readily find means of sinking national rivalries and act internationally, if popular passion and misconception would allow it. Throughout the book, again and again, Mr. Brailsford refers to the wrangle about French and German concessions in Morocco, and the part they have played in recent European diplomacy, as confirming his thesis. Yet in telling of the part played by M. Caillaux—notoriously the representative of "financial interests" in France—in the Morocco "conversations," Mr. Brailsford (p. 38) says:—

"Had M. Caillaux remained in power, we know from the subsequent investigations before the Senate Committee how those Conversations would have ended. He would have effected not merely an adjustment of French and German Colonial interests, but a general understanding, which would have covered the whole field of Franco-German relations. The points on which he had begun to negotiate were all economic, and chief among them was a proposal to put an end to the French boycott of the Baghdad Railway, and to admit German securities to quotations on the Paris Exchange. . . . In those informal negotiations, he had made the beginning of a readjustment in Franco-German relations

which would have transformed not merely French but European politics if he had been Premier a few months longer. *French patriots took alarm, and feared that he was about to rob them of their dream of revenge for 1870.*"

The italics are mine. Here we have, therefore, in Mr. Brailsford's own account of the part played by finance and financiers in European politics, the admission that, left to themselves, they would, in this case at least, have immensely relieved the diplomatic tension, and gone far so to transform the European situation as to prepare the way for a saner and less burdensome peace. What prevented that, again according to Mr. Brailsford's own account, was popular passion and prejudice.

It is quite true, of course, that if international hostilities make it impossible for, say, the German capitalist group to act in common with the French, they will do the next best thing, and use those hostilities to secure advantages for themselves instead of for the group which politics compel them to treat as rivals. I am not defending any conceptions of nationalism or internationalism, I am simply indicating how the thing works: it is the old prejudices and popular international rivalries which prevent the international financiers from acting in common. They are unable to control popular passion; they therefore use it.

But without making fine distinctions, let us assume that Mr. Brailsford is entirely right, and that the determining factor in these events is the intriguing of the few. When we remember the circumstances that always precede war, and the nature of agitation for armaments, it is evident that this view makes of the democracy of Europe a helpless automaton—an automaton which a little camarilla of financiers are able to manipulate even in reference to the profoundest moral conceptions—men's duty to their country, the taking of life, the shaping and remaking of the lives of others. The manipulators push a button, and forthwith the English people get into a furious rage with France over some African swamp, and our popular press talks of "rolling her in the mud and the blood"; they push another button, and we forget all about the French, and are concerned—poet Laureate and all—to wreak vengeance upon "the whelps and dams of murderous foes" about to break up the Empire from the vantage point of up-country African plains; another button is pushed, and we embrace the Boers and fall into a quaking terror of German invasion, seeing phantom balloons in the skies and disguised German soldiers in Italian waiters.

That spectacle prompts Mr. Brailsford to say: "Democracy must control the financiers." But how does he propose to secure the effective working of his machinery of control when it is in the hands of those whom he represents as helpless puppets of the very forces it has to check? If ten (or a thousand) financiers can play these tricks with national passion and national machinery, they can play tricks just as evil and just as disastrous with other passions and international machinery; can exploit Courts of Arbitration just as effectively as they now exploit diplomacy and armies.

How is this automaton—with a response to outside stimuli so unresisting and mechanical as almost to suggest the absence of conscious volition—suddenly so to transform itself as to distinguish between the general and the special interest? How can you protect the general interest without even a realization on its part of what it is?

The most serious thing in all this history of the last fifteen years is not that we have wasted a certain number of millions on armaments—we waste more millions in other ways; nor that wars have killed a certain number

of innocent people—our industry has killed many more; nor that financiers and armament makers have stolen from the public purse—much more has been stolen in other ways. These things are evils, but not the greatest evil. The real evil, the one thing that overtops all others, is precisely the fact that Mr. Brailsford's picture of democracy as the helpless puppets of outside forces (not necessarily the forces of finance) is largely true. And yet the disaster for him is not that democracy should be an automaton with no well-balanced conception of its best interests, but that financiers should push the buttons—although it is as obvious as anything well can be that so long as democracy is an automaton someone will push the buttons. The real disaster about the Mexican business, for instance, was not that financiers should be exercising pressure at Washington or Mexico City, but that at one juncture the whole direction of American politics for a generation depended upon whether a drunken bandit took an extra bottle of champagne; whether, that is, Huerta, would adopt an attitude with reference to a ridiculous incident of flag punctilio, certain to unloose the "patriotic" passions of the Americans to such a degree as to make a definite Mexican war, with all its long train of consequences to a hundred million souls, Mexican and American alike, popular and "inevitable." While it is possible for a tipsy French tourist in an Alsatian café to start four nations rattling their sabres, it does not greatly distress me that a group of financiers—who at least represent the livelihood of some tens of thousands of families—can do as much.

The real trouble is that the mind of the mass, by reason of the domination of certain fundamental ideas, responds automatically, without conscious volition, to those outside forces; that its emotions are grounded in unanalyzed conceptions, vague fears and avidities, inherited prejudices, old political fanaticisms; in such things as a belief in the need for inspiring "respect" in the minds of barbarous foreigners, the belief that foreign power must inevitably be used to our detriment, all leading necessarily to false conceptions of patriotism and the nature of national honor. By the mind of the mass I do not mean merely the music-hall. Our Mr. Churchills tell us that "the whole fortune of our Empire, the whole treasure accumulated during so many centuries would be swept utterly away" by the first foreigner—presumably to his advantage—whom we allowed to become stronger than ourselves. And not a single one of our newspapers, Conservative, Liberal, Radical, Socialist, so much as asks what the thing means; *why* the trade should disappear; *why* the enemy should want to destroy it; *how* he would proceed to do it; *how* it would benefit him to do so. Our inertia allows these things to be accepted as the fundamental axioms of our international creed, notwithstanding that if such things are true the old conceptions with their fears and suspicions are broadly sound, and represent an instinct that it would be perilous to undermine. Our Frederic Harrisons, as representing letters and philosophy, improve on our Mr. Churchills, and no one, certainly not our daily press, for instance, seems concerned to analyze and to make plain for the ordinary man in what these outrageous fallacies consist.

While that represents the basis of normal thinking on international matters, the outstanding evil will be, not in the intrigues of a few financiers, but in the minds of the million. It is possible that we might achieve peace, not because we have thought ourselves out of silly fears and sillier hatreds, and have sounder conceptions of human relations and social interdependence,

but merely because those who might excite our prejudices and passions happen to be in gaol or otherwise safely disposed of. But I am not sure that we should have great cause for rejoicing. More important than the fact of peace is the way that it is obtained. We had some five hundred years, more or less, of religious peace of a sort before the wars of religion. If the peace that followed those wars had been a return to the kind which preceded them, I am not sure that we should have cause to rejoice at their cessation. And that is why some of us, who believe that certain economic truths illustrate and make plain the worth and real nature of human co-operation, value such truths more for their wider social and moral than for their narrowly economic results.

It may be that Mr. Brailsford shares these views. For, although that is not the outstanding impression left by his book, there are passages that would seem to indicate it. He says, for instance:—

"The mischiefs which oppress us to-day in the intercourse of nations will be exorcised only when clear and negative thinking has dispelled the megalomania that distracts us. . . . It is not enough to desire peace. The generation which achieves peace will have won it by an intellectual passion."

If Mr. Brailsford uses his genius towards making that plain, he will do a better service than in creating the impression that our troubles are somebody's "plot." Those who estimate his work as highly as I do, can show no better appreciation of it than to hope he will emphasize the attitude of the passage quoted as against that other attitude with which this article has dealt.

NORMAN ANGELL.

Letters to the Editor.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—During the last thirty years the Women's Co-operative Guild has been built up by the independent efforts of the women of the Co-operative Movement, aided by grants of money from the governing body of the Co-operative Union and from Co-operative Societies. It has stood for a progressive policy, which included the establishment of a minimum wage for all co-operative employees, the employment of none but trade unionists, and the extension of co-operation in poor districts; and as an organization of married working women it has more and more expressed their needs and wishes, and has come to be recognized by the country as the natural exponent of their views.

Among these married women's questions is Divorce Law Reform, which for the last four years has been included in the subjects for discussion and for educational work. Year by year the support in the Guild has grown stronger, and resolutions have been passed at successive Congresses with increasing majorities in its favor. This year, for the first time, the right of the Guild to shape its own policy has been called in question. The Central Co-operative Board, yielding to outside pressure from the Salford Catholic Federation, made its annual money grant to the Guild conditional upon their dropping the divorce agitation, and on their taking up no work disapproved of by the United Board.

This was a direct challenge to the independence of the women, and they left the Board in no doubt about their answer.

An urgency resolution on the subject was submitted to the Congress at its meeting in Birmingham last week, and from the very first the end was easy to foresee. The great hall was packed from end to end with the 800 or 900 delegates, representing the 32,000 members of the Guild. The feeling was tense. From every side delegates rose in quick succession, speaking from their places in the crowded galleries, or making their way in quiet order down the long hall to take their turn at the rostrum in front of the platform.

They did not waste their words; but they made their meaning clear. Neither did they spare the feelings of such representatives of the Central Board as were present as visitors upon the platform. They scorned to sell their independence "for a paltry £400," drawn from funds to which, it may be noted, the women, no less than the men, contribute. It is half their income, but they cheerfully faced a reduced exchequer and increased endeavors to raise the sum within the Guild as the price of their freedom. "We are out for improved conditions for women and children, yes, and for men; but we are not out to work as subordinates." "We want to work on an equal footing, but we are not prepared to be dominated." The vote was overwhelming. It was the women's Declaration of Independence.

The question of Divorce, which had raised the storm, was kept subordinate. After pointing out that there was no intention to coerce a minority, but only to allow to a majority the freedom of their consciences, speakers left this topic for the larger issue.

The turn of Divorce came later. The debate on this subject next day showed that the feeling for reform was stronger even than last year. The ideal of married life is high among Guildswomen, as is the actual standard of their married lives. They do not take marriage lightly. You could tell that from the spontaneous burst of applause that followed the reminder that men and women take one another for better, for worse. But the tragedies of broken lives that come within the range of their experience rouse them to a demand for better and humaner marriage laws to save human beings from unnecessary suffering and degradation. When the red voting tickets were held up in support of the recommendations of the Majority Report, the hall looked like a field of poppies. The addition of Mutual Consent as a ground of divorce was approved by a large majority, and the need for women assessors in court was endorsed by the whole meeting.

The Guild has naturally taken from the start great interest in the question of Maternity Benefit, and as an outcome of this interest it has this year brought forward a scheme for the National Care of Maternity, by means of Maternity Centres, under the care of the Public Health Authorities, where ante-natal conditions may be studied, with opportunity for consultations on pregnancy sickness, with municipal midwives, and with an increased Maternity Benefit, which would allow of a period of rest both before and after the confinement. On this subject, the women, speaking from first-hand knowledge, speak as experts, and the backing of the Guild should give cogency to the representations on behalf of the scheme that are being made to Cabinet Ministers. But here, as elsewhere, the women feel the lack of the driving power of the vote, and a rider was added to the resolution, which was carried with only four dissentients, urging a Government measure of parliamentary and municipal franchise for all adult women, and, what is more significant, urging all Guildswomen to refrain from working for any candidate who would not pledge himself to this reform.

The other subjects for discussion included schemes for the education of Guildswomen, and for a Co-operative College, and the speeches revealed the passionate hunger of these women for educational opportunities. "We are crazed for education."

The resolution to abolish half-time, moved by a delegate from Blackburn, was carried practically unanimously. This, in conjunction with the resolution passed last year, demanding compulsory day continuation schools for boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, shows that Co-operative women desire education for their children as well as for themselves.

The assembly was kept throughout in admirable temper and order by the Chair, and the terse and racy speeches, based not on study but on experience, never lost grip of the matter in hand.

We are used to hearing benevolent people tell us what, in their opinion, must be done for working women. Would it not be perhaps worth while to ask the women what they want? For it is quite certain that they know.—Yours, &c.,

5, Windmill Hill, Hampstead.

JANET CASE.

June 23rd, 1914.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article entitled "The Situation in Ireland," which was contributed to your columns by "An Island Observer," is, to my mind, misleading on several points, and as it, presumably, is the work of a Home Rule sympathiser who has been in Ulster, it is all the more necessary that an attempt should be made by an Ulster Home Ruler to deal with those points.

1. Your contributor writes:

"The rise of the National Volunteers, so far, has made little impression on the Ulster Volunteers,"

and goes on to repeat a conversation with one of the latter which indicates that they look at the National Volunteers as little better than a rabble, sprung from a section of Irishmen, who, while good enough as common soldiers, have been incapable of producing officers and leaders in the British Army. To this I reply that the common talk in Ulster at present is of the sobering effect the rise of the National Volunteers has had upon the Ulster Volunteers, who had previously thought that, with the Army on their side, they would be able, without any difficulty whatever, to make good their threats to resist the Home Rule Bill when it became law. The fact that in Ulster alone, on the admission of the "Daily Mail," there are already 45,000 National Volunteers who will certainly not stand by and see a Home Rule Act rendered inoperative, has given the Ulster Volunteers grave food for thought. As for the taunt that all the distinguished Irish officers in the past have been Protestants, I wonder if your contributor has forgotten Sir William Butler, to name but one. I grant that the majority have been Protestants, for the very good reason that the landlord class, which is the recruiting ground for the commissioned ranks in the Army, is almost entirely Protestant, and not only Protestant but Episcopalian. We are told that the majority of the Ulster Volunteers are Nonconformists, and yet Ulster Nonconformity has never given a single officer of distinction to the British Army for precisely the same reason as Irish Catholicism has given comparatively few.

2. Your contributor writes:

"Ulster itself argues the question on democratic rather than national lines. You give Home Rule, it says, because the people in the South and West, by a large majority, want it. . . . We in Ulster, by a large majority, . . . do not want it. . . . If you are democrats, why do you force it on us?"

"Ulster" does not argue the question on democratic lines at all. It would, if it could, deny Home Rule to any part of Ireland. Now, when it is given the chance of every Ulster county, where there is a Unionist majority, of voting itself out of the Bill, it puts forward the undemocratic demand that all the other Ulster counties where there is a Home Rule majority should, against the will of the majority, be left out of the Bill.

3. Your contributor, referring to the total exclusion of Ulster, writes:

"Many thinking Nationalists in Ulster are . . . inclined to this solution."

I think I know most—if not all—of the leading Nationalists in this province, and am in constant touch with them, and I have not met one who was not fiercely opposed to any such solution as more likely to effect permanent rather than temporary exclusion. If the threats of the Ulster Volunteers, they argue, are able to deprive Nationalist counties in Ulster of Home Rule to-day, they will be just as able to deprive a Nationalist Ulster of Home Rule to-morrow. Every Home Ruler of any standing in Ulster is agreed that if the Unionist portions of the province may vote themselves out of the Bill, the Home Rule party must be allowed to vote themselves in.

4. Your contributor, dealing with the party divisions in Ulster, writes:

"The line of distinction is drawn in strict accordance with religious differences. Protestants who were extreme Liberals in former days, when the land question was prominent in Ulster, are now not alone Unionists and Covenanters, but even officers and leaders in the Ulster Volunteer Force."

It is this paragraph which convinces me that "An Island Observer" is only a casual observer, and that his impressions were formed after a fleeting visit; for only a visitor could be so imposed upon. It is the custom of Unionists here to pose as Liberals in everything but Home Rule, though we who know them are aware that there are no more bitter opponents of every Liberal measure. Can "An Island Observer" give me the name of an "extreme Liberal of former days" who is now an officer and leader in the Ulster Volunteer Force? It is true that a number of Whigs seized the introduction of the Home Rule Bill of 1886 as an excuse to go over to the Tory side, where they have become more Tory than the Tories themselves, just as many English Whigs have left the Liberal Party over its recent financial and social legislation. But there is not a solitary *bona-fide* Liberal—extreme or otherwise—who has done any work for Liberalism during the past fourteen years, who is to-day an "officer and leader in the Ulster Volunteer Force." Further, it is not true to say that the line of distinction between Home Rulers and Unionists in Ulster is a religious one. It is true that Ulster Unionists have never sent a Catholic to represent them in Parliament, and that they have not a known Catholic in their ranks. But Ulster Home Rulers include not only Protestant Members of Parliament, but a large leaven of Protestants. The Ulster Liberal Association is an almost entirely Protestant body, and I am putting the figure very low when I say that Protestant Home Rule opinion in Ulster has behind it 100,000 of the Protestant population of the province.

5. Your contributor complains that the Government were ill-informed over the state of things in Ulster. I agree, but with this difference: They have been led to treat the Carson "bluff" not too lightly but too severely; to foster the belief that they could be terrified by threats and lacked the spirit to enforce the law. The Loreburn letter began the mischief, and every conciliatory advance of the Government has increased it. The impression was created among the Ulster Volunteers that the Government were afraid of them, and the gun-running episode, which was only rendered possible by the very suspicious quiescence of the Government's agents here, confirmed that impression. The Government have indeed been ill-informed and badly advised, but is it not the Ulster Volunteers who have cause to complain on this score?—Yours, &c.,

W. H. DAVEY.

"Ulster Guardian," 29, Rosemary Street, Belfast.
June 23rd, 1914.

HOME RULE AND A NEW FACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It appears from the article on "The Situation in Ireland," by "An Island Observer," that under the Home Rule Bill it will be quite legal for Mr. Redmond to be supported by a great army of volunteers. This is, indeed, a new fact which was never brought home to the electors of this country either by the debates in Parliament or articles in the press. It was certainly not contemplated by very many Free Churchmen, and when they realize this disturbing element in the situation it will doubtless cause them great uneasiness. The country surely has a right to be told the opinions of the Committee of Imperial Defence, the Army Council, and the Board of Admiralty as to the advisability of Home Rule in the light of this development. —Yours, &c.,

A CONSTANT READER.

June 22nd, 1914.

THE TRAMP AND HIS TREATMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed to say a word on the tramp, his lot, and the cause of his vagrancy, which Mr. Rowntree thinks can best be dealt with by those interested in the question offering themselves for election as Poor Law Guardians?

The tramp is an outcome of "civilization," and "civilization" now wishes to get rid of him. In the country he is an unwelcome visitor, and in the cities he is found to be a native of the country. Whipping-posts and stocks are no longer legal, but there are other effective and deterrent

methods of dealing with the vagrant, under a system equally cruel, though covered by an hypocritical veil of pretended philanthropy devised by the Local Government Board for dealing with the destitute.

In a "reform" of the Poor Law, inaugurated two years ago, the London casual wards were transferred from the hands of the different Boards of Guardians and placed under the Metropolitan Asylums Board Department of the Poor Law, with the result that one uniform system of deterrence has been established, and men in every part of London can now be locked up in solitary confinement in casual wards for three days and four nights, with a Sunday thrown in when it occurs within the given time, under conditions more severe and more inhuman than are found in any of our prisons to-day, though their only crime consists in being too poor to possess the fourpence in their pockets with which to purchase freedom. Men are made criminals because they are wanderers with no visible means of subsistence, and women are forced into prostitution in order to earn the money which authority in power demands. According to the Local Government Board's ideas of justice, a man must be more harshly treated as to diet and labor, for being without the necessary fourpence than if he had stolen it!

So far as able-bodied men and their dependents are concerned, costly workhouses and officials are maintained by the rates for the purpose of taking in these men and their families, when they can prove themselves destitute, only to turn them out again, but leaving behind them, with which to exonerate the Guardians, a doctor's certificate to say the men are physically fit to work. Men of fifty and sixty years of age are thus treated, whose age and appearance clearly unfit them to obtain employment in a competitive labor market.

I hear it is now proposed to raise £6,000 with which to endow a young gentleman from Oxford with £250 a year to live in Whitechapel and study the social conditions of poverty.

For a much smaller sum, men from the East-End of London might be sent to Oxford to tell the dons there that, in spite of University Settlements and a Poor Law carried out on the strictest lines of "Institutional Relief," men are dying of starvation in the streets, and women ply their trade as prostitutes in greater numbers in Whitechapel than in other parts of London.—Yours, &c.,

ANNE CORDEN-SANDERSON.
(Poor Law Guardian.)

"PLASTER SAINTS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"H.W.M." quite misses the point of my "Plaster Saints" when he describes the Rev. Dr. Rodney Vaughan as a rogue who confesses only when he is found out. The very centre of the play is his confession just when his lies have won him security and immunity. If even in THE NATION I cannot find consolation for the dearth of British criticism and the absence of an artistic public, where am I to turn?

In the last few years I have succeeded in placing upon our stage four serious works—"The War God," "The Next Religion," "The Melting Pot," and "Plaster Saints"—all of which have received generous praise from some of my greatest contemporaries, and all of which (excepting the prohibited one, which was necessarily produced by a society) I have placed not upon the narrow boards of a Repertory Theatre, but upon the broad British stage. That is an achievement, the strain and strenuousness of which only those literally behind the scenes can measure. But the reception of "Plaster Saints" is the last straw. Here is a play which a recluse like Olive Schreiner called "splendid," which an old play-goer like Sir Thomas Barclay spontaneously testified—in spite of thirty years of theatre-going in Paris—to be the best piece of dramatic work he had seen for many years. And yet it is to die this Saturday night at the age of forty-one (performances).

Sir, I can only murmur "*Et tu, Brute*," and await the day when a National Theatre shall stand as ready to receive my work as I am to give it without fee or reward.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Far End, East Preston, Sussex.
June 23rd, 1914.

"THE REINHARDT THEATRE."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As your reviewer appears to be confused with regard to the subject of my book, "The Theatre of Max Reinhardt," perhaps you will allow me a word in explanation. It may be true that, as your reviewer says, "all the substantial information about Reinhardt (that is Reinhardt himself) would easily go into five-and-twenty pages, and all the relevant criticism into as many more," simply because the book was neither designed to deal with Reinhardt himself nor to afford a criticism of his work. It was planned to afford a comprehensive survey of the movements, historical and contemporary, in the theatre which forms the basis of Reinhardt's Theatre (not Reinhardt himself), and which, through Reinhardt's Theatre, are beginning to exercise a formative influence on the theatre both in England and abroad. This plan necessitated the inclusion in the book of whatever had a bearing upon the history, growth, and development of Reinhardt's theatre, considered as a synthetic summary of the said movements. It necessitated, for instance, the chapter on the Eastern and Western stages which, aiming to reveal the origin, formation, and working of such stages, is as much an organic part of the book as the chapter of fact and figures showing the disastrous position of the endowed theatre in Germany, or the "disproportionate" seventy pages of "Productions in England" suggesting the sources of the new ideas now operating upon the London stage. If your reviewer cannot see that this and other material is a part of the said "substantial information" about Reinhardt's theatre, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he himself is among those critics who have not "surveyed the entire ground which Reinhardt has covered." In short, he justifies the existence of my book.—Yours, &c.,

HUNTLY CARTER.

Mayfair, June 23rd, 1914.

MRS. JOHNSON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your current issue contains on successive pages a letter vindicating Carlyle's "punctilious accuracy" and a paragraph which unwittingly does him an injustice. The writer of the paragraph, commenting on Mrs. Meynell's "Essays," writes: "That (essay) on Mrs. Johnson deserves special mention, for in it Mrs. Meynell champions the memory of the woman whom Johnson married. . . . The whole tribe of critics and biographers have followed Garrick's example, and made her the subject of a jest or a sneer." Not so Carlyle—if he can be spoken of as a member of a tribe. I quote from the essay on "Boswell's Life of Johnson": "Johnson's marriage with the good widow Porter has been treated with ridicule by many mortals who, apparently, had no understanding thereof. . . . In the kind Widow's love and pity for him, in Johnson's love and gratitude, there is actually no matter for ridicule!"

A small point, but just worth the raising, perhaps, if it should lead some lover of Carlyle to turn over afresh the pages of one of his best essays.—Yours, &c.,

June 21st, 1914.

D. C. S.

MR. GARVICE AND THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Though I read my NATION pretty regularly, I missed the number containing the review of my book, or I would have written and corrected the mistake which your reviewer fell into of conferring on me the honor of the Presidentship of the Society of Authors. It belongs to a very, very much greater man—Mr. Thomas Hardy, O.M. I think that your reviewer meant that I was Chairman of the Executive Committee; but that post is filled by Mr. Hesketh Prichard, to whom the Society of Authors and the whole literary world are deeply indebted for the admirable way in which he has directed the work of the Committee, of which I am proud to be a member. No doubt the mistake arose from the fact that I happen to be Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Authors' Club and President of the Institute of Lecturers, and that, for a short time, in the absence of Mr. Prichard, I acted as Vice-Chairman of the

Committee of the Society of Authors. Your reviewer, not inexcusably, got things mixed up.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES GARVICE.

Authors' Club, 2, Whitehall Court, London, S.W.

PARNELL'S GENIUS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I admit that most of the statesmen and politicians of his day, including Gladstone, Morley, and Rosebery, regarded Mr. Parnell as a "remarkable" man. Waiving the question whether to be remarkable is to be a genius (Barnum was a remarkable man), I think that the high opinion which they formed of Parnell was mainly due to the fact that to them he was a political power. He had the command of eighty votes in the House of Commons. He could make and unmake Ministers, and to the politician engaged in the struggle of public life the man who wields such a force seems to possess the mark of greatness. Parnell's position was due, however, to the confidence with which he inspired the Irish people, and that again was due to the success with which he used the forms of the House of Commons to destroy its power, and to make each party in turn the victim of its clumsy and rusty machinery. Had he possessed real political genius he would have seen that there was a British as well as an Irish side to the Irish question, and would have striven to win the confidence and goodwill of the English people. Far from doing that, he conceived quite an irrational hatred of them, and genially described them as "those English hypocrites." The belief in Parnell's greatness was not held by all the men of his day nor by all the men of his own party. I have heard that Michael Davitt had a very poor opinion of his political capacity.

With regard to the observation of the writer of "The Touch of Infinity," in THE NATION, that Parnell might rather be described as a mining prospector rather than an engineer, I would point out that he took a great interest in many mechanical problems. He endeavored, for instance, to invent a vessel that would resist the action of the waves. It was, indeed, when he went to try a model of this vessel that the extraordinary scene occurred on Brighton Pier, which nearly brought the Parnell—O'Shea tragedy to an end. It was too stormy to try the experiment with the model. Parnell seized Mrs. O'Shea, and holding her over the swirling waters said, "I believe I shall jump in with you, and we shall be free for ever." Mrs. O'Shea answered, "What of the children?" and this remark apparently averted the catastrophe.—Yours, &c.,

W. JEANS.

Poetry.

THREE POEMS FROM THE CHINESE OF
YUAN MEI.—A.D. 1715-1797.

A MEDLEY OF PERFUME.

Prone beside the Western stream,
In the lilled dusk I dream;
And, mocking me, the wind of Spring
Such medley of perfume doth bring
I cannot tell what fragrance blows,
Nor guess the lotus from the rose.

A FEAST OF LANTERNS.

In Spring, for sheer delight,
I set the lanterns swinging through the trees,
Bright as the myriad argosies of night
That ride the clouded billows of the sky.
Red dragons leap and plunge in gold and silver seas,
And, O! my garden, gleaming cold and white,
Thou hast outshone the far faint moon on high.

WILLOW FLOWERS.

O willow flowers, like flakes of snow,
Where do your wandering legions go?
Little we care, and less we know!
Our ways are the ways of the wind;
Our life in the whirl, and death in the drifts below.

L. CRANMER-BYNG.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Ancient Rome and Modern America: A Comparative Study of Morals and Manners." By Guglielmo Ferrero. (Putnam. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "Greek Philosophy." Part I. "Thales to Plato." By John Burnet. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)
- "Theological Room." By Hubert Handley. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Renaissance of Motherhood." By Ellen Key. (Putnam. 6s. net.)
- "The Press and Poetry of Modern Persia." By Edward G. Browne. (Cambridge University Press. 12s. net.)
- "Municipal Life and Government in Germany." By W. H. Dawson. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Studies in the Odyssey." By J. A. K. Thomson. (Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "On Life and Letters." Second Series. By Anatole France. (Lane. 6s.)
- "Modern English Literature from Chaucer to the Present Day." By G. H. Mair. (Williams and Norgate. 6s. net.)
- "The New Optimism." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Feeding of School Children." By M. E. Buckley. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Caddis-Worm." By C. A. Dawson Scott. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
- "Tents of a Night." By Mary Findlater. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)
- "Le Paix Constantiniennne et le Catholicisme." Par Pierre Batiffol. (Paris: Lecoffre. 4 fr.)
- "La Petite Fille de Jérusalem." Roman. Par Myriam Harry. (Paris: Fayard. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Ignaz von Döllingers Briefe." Herausgegeben von Dr. H. Schrör. (Kempten: Kosel. M. 3. 50.)

IN the biography of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, just finished, and about to be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham has found a subject to which he is certain to do justice. Diaz was one of the companions of Cortes in the Spanish conquest of Mexico in the sixteenth century. He fought through the whole struggle, and his "True History of the Conquest of New Spain" is said to be full of vivid and vigorous description.

HISTORIES of hospitals are usually of interest only to specialists, but the story of Bethlehem Hospital, which has been written by its chaplain, the Rev. E. G. O'Donoghue, and will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is likely to throw fresh light on the social conditions of the past. With the exception of a similar institution in Granada, the Bethlehem Hospital was the first lunatic asylum in Europe, and its name, in the contracted form of Bedlam, was for a long time used of all lunatic asylums. Even in the nineteenth century it was one of the sights of London, and ladies who came up from the country were usually taken to view the mad people in Bedlam.

"WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ERA" is the title of a new book by Colonel Andrew Haggard to come from Messrs. Stanley Paul. Since the "Female Revolutionary Plutarch," which appeared in 1805, there has been a mass of books on the heroines of the French Revolution, but many fresh facts have been brought to light within recent years, and of these Colonel Haggard's book will take account.

SHORTLY before his death last year, Colonel Ernest Picard, who had been in charge of the historical section of the French military staff, had finished editing a collection of letters written during their campaigns by the volunteer soldiers of the French Revolution. The book will be issued shortly by a French firm, and judging from the extracts that have appeared in "La Revue de Paris," it promises to be of exceptional interest.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL have in preparation a biography of Giordano Bruno by Dr. William Boulting. There are many matters connected with Bruno's residence in England that still require elucidation, though it is clear that he was disgusted with English manners, and that he thought Oxford full of pedantry and superstition. The title of Mr. Boulting's work is "Giordano Bruno: His Life, Thought, and Martyrdom."

IS "Methuen's Annual," which is to be published this summer under the editorship of Mr. E. V. Lucas, the herald of an approaching revival of what Lamb called "those accursed Annuals"? They flourished most abundantly during the second quarter of the nineteenth century, when more than three hundred "Keepsakes," "Amulets," "Caskets," "Irises," "Books of Beauty," and other compilations of like nature were published in this country. Their price was about a guinea each, but the curious reader can pick up odd copies in the second-hand bookshops for a much smaller sum. Gorgeously bound in silk—Thackeray hinted that the material came from Lord Palmerston's cast-off waistcoats—filled with flowing verses and vapid tales, and embellished with elaborate steel engravings of languishing ladies, they were the natural expression in letters of the early Victorian taste for polite sentiment. We can be confident that "Methuen's Annual" will differ from these predecessors. The first number will contain a collection of unpublished letters by Browning and Stevenson, while the other contributors include Sir James Barrie, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

LIKE Mr. Lucas, the editors of the early Victorian annuals took pains to secure distinguished names for their lists of contributors. In spite of their dislike, both Lamb and Thackeray wrote occasionally for annuals. Thackeray's "Piscator and Piscatrix" first appeared in "The Keepsake," while Coleridge's lines "The Garden of Boccaccio," written for the same publication, were censured by a reviewer for mentioning "in terms not sufficiently guarded, one of the most impure and mischievous books that could find its way into the hands of an innocent female." Moore thought it beneath his dignity to write for an annual, and there are some amusing pages in his journal about the attempts of publishers to make him alter his decision. Heath offered him seven hundred pounds a year to accept the editorship of an annual, and, later on, proposed that he should write all the prose and verse in "The Keepsake" for 1832 for a fee of a thousand pounds. Following upon Moore's refusal, Heath offered the editorship to Sir Walter Scott, who also declined, though he promised to contribute to the venture. But the bulk of the contents of these annuals came from "female pens," conspicuous among them being Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, and Miss Mitford.

MR. LUCAS's most successful predecessor in editing an annual was the Countess of Blessington. Charles Greville declared that her success was brought about "by puffing and stuffing, and untiring industry, by practising on the vanity of some and the good-nature of others." Whether this be true or not, it is undoubted that her famous "Book of Beauty" was a source of great profit as well as of social recognition. "In her annuals," writes Miss Agnes Repplier, "we breathe the pure air of ducal households, and consort with the peeresses of England, turning condescendingly now and then to contemplate a rusticity so artificial that it can be trusted never to offend." And this is the description which "Fraser's Magazine" gave of one of the steel engravings that adorned "The Book of Beauty":—

"There leans the tall and imperial form of the enchantress, with raven tresses surmounted by the cachemire of sparkling red; while her ringlets flow in exuberant waves over the full-formed neck; and barbaric pearls, each one worth a king's ransom, rest in marvellous contrast with her dark and mysterious loveliness."

FOR nearly twenty years Lady Blessington made an annual income of a couple of thousand pounds by her contributions to these publications. Miss Repplier hints that they were bought, not to be read, but to be given away. However this may be, those who provided them catered for every class of purchaser. From fashion to botany, there were few subjects on which the annual did not aim to instruct while pleasing, and there was even a "Protestant Annual" which might be read by those who were on their guard against the slightest taint of Romish superstition. But the vogue became too great to last. It had begun to fail some years before Lady Blessington's death, and the writer of the obituary notice which appeared in "The Examiner" observed that the probable extinction of the annual "would be the least of the sad regrets attending her loss."

Reviews.

THE ECONOMICS OF HUMAN WELFARE.

"Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation." By J. A. HOBSON. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

NEVER has civilized society needed so urgently as at present to ask itself the old Greek question: "Where do I stand?" The nineteenth century has handed on to us a material environment in which we are hardly beginning to see our way, and a mass of specialized knowledge which leaves us bewildered among the ruins of our religions and philosophies. We dare not, however, let our tired minds rest till things have cleared themselves. Every day the newspapers warn us that unless we can think out some meaning and purpose for our corporate life disaster must follow. If European finance, for instance, continues to drift on its present course, war or bankruptcy must result. In Great Britain the transport workers and coal miners are openly organizing for an unprecedented national strike. Parties and races are arming against each other in Ireland; and the forces which we have roused in India will certainly not wait till we feel spontaneously inclined to think out an Indian policy.

One might have expected that such a position would have produced a general and severe effort of intellectual reconstruction. But reconstruction requires freedom, and few men are intellectually free. The lawyers, who spend their lives in the study of social structure, think only in terms of their profession, and the politicians in terms of their parties. The professors are bound by the cautious habits of the classroom, and by the interests of their institutions. Even the rich and independent University of Oxford is just deciding to send as her representative in the national Inquest the land-agent of a duke. And those students who are most nearly free are often hampered by training in social sciences whose traditional definitions and methods have been rendered obsolete by modern social developments.

Mr. J. A. Hobson, however, thinks as freely as Socrates. He is neither a lawyer, nor a professor, nor a political partisan; and his long fight with the orthodox economists has left him with little respect for tradition and definitions. His new "Work and Wealth" is, it seems to me, the best of his books. There is, indeed, no treatise, as far as I know, in any language which would make so good an introduction to the science of society for a student who is aiming, not merely at an Under-Secretaryship or a First in Greats, but at the possibility of doing useful intellectual work for his generation.

In Mr. Hobson's earlier books, many of us were unable to accept his theory of "under-consumption." But every path, if followed faithfully, leads to the truth, and in "Work and Wealth" all that remains of the old heresy is the fact that he approaches the problem of value from a fresh and interesting angle. Most economists, as he points out, have more or less tacitly assumed that all production is an evil which is balanced in exchange by the fact that all consumption is a good. Mr. Hobson points out that many acts of production are socially good, and many acts of consumption are socially bad. This leads him to a new "human valuation," applied to both production and consumption as a continuous process in life. On the side of production, this human valuation indicates a justification of just those points in the existing claims of organized labor which the ordinary journalist or employer, brought up in the traditions of classical political economy, most readily condemns. Human good may be opposed to industrial "efficiency," and it may be socially desirable that working men should not only work shorter hours but should produce less, and should insist on forms of discipline which increase self-respect, even though they involve some loss of productivity. But "human valuation" requires a much wider and more difficult process of estimation than the discovery of the price at which commodities will sell in the market. For the purpose of that estimation, Mr. Hobson contends that the State is generally a better guide than the individual employer, and a Board, representing the widest interests of the State, than the specialized head of a department.

On the side of consumption, Mr. Hobson first traces the social origin of the consumable commodities annually pro-

duced, with a view to discovering the amount of that "surplus" for which the employer and the employee, the property owner and the taxing State, the "producer" and the "consumer" perpetually contend; and then examines the various socially useful and socially harmful acts which constitute consumption. He dwells, in particular, on the fact that it is to the interest of many modern producers to "suggest," by advertisement and otherwise, harmful acts of consumption, and of the community to counteract them. He might have taken as an instance the "Schools for Mothers," which spend nearly all their energy in denying the statements and suggestions made by the advertisers of babies' foods.

At this point in his argument, Mr. Hobson goes far, I believe, to prove, not only that sociological considerations are a necessary element in economic analysis, but that economics itself cannot be usefully studied, except under the guidance of a more general science of sociology. He seems, indeed, to feel this himself when he says:—

"Though the various non-economic goods and activities do not directly enter into our human valuation of industry, we cannot neglect the interactions between the economic and the other human interests involved in the organic nature of man and of society" (p. 289).

His careful and interesting analysis, for instance, of the part played by sport in the lives of the non-producers at the top and the bottom of the social scale, is, one feels, cramped by the necessity of confining it even within his definition of economics.

I am not sure, again, that if Mr. Hobson had written of the State as a sociologist and not as an economist, he would have adhered to the view (for which our friend, William Clarke, used to argue thirty years ago) that the State should only organize the "routine" side of life, and should leave the "originating" side to individual initiative. The fact that no committee, or inspector, or professor, can tell an original genius how to write a great play, or make a great invention, does not diminish the social desirability of a National Theatre or of the endowment of research.

On two points, which he calls Marginalism and the Social Will, Mr. Hobson writes as a frank controversialist. On both of them I am myself opposed to him, and yet I should advise any student who wishes to think clearly to read his chapters. By "Marginalism" he means the "Final Increment" treatment of value by Jevons, Chapman, Wicksteed, and others; and his argument includes a criticism of the plea for "quantitative" political thinking in my own "Human Nature in Politics." In economic Marginalism he sees a possible successor to *laissez faire* as an easy defence of existing economic facts. He quotes Professor Chapman's statement that "the theory merely declares that each person will tend to receive as his wage *his value*—that is the value of this marginal product—no more and no less. In order to get more than he actually does get, he must become more valuable—work harder for instance" (p. 173). It might be urged in reply that Mr. Hobson, in his use of the term Marginalism, includes both a method which may be useful, and certain conclusions arrived at by that method which may be harmful.

As to Quantitative Political Thought, in the sense in which I used the term, he argues that it does not and ought not to take place. The contriver of a Social Budget or a Home Rule scheme no more, he says, concentrates his attention on any "final increment" of self-government or taxation than does a painter on the final squeeze from his tube of blue or pink. Both statesman and painter work out their idea as a whole, with no more reference to the last increment of taxation or color than to the first. One may, however, agree with almost everything which Mr. Hobson says on this point, and yet believe that Jevons's application of the methods of the calculus to the moral sciences is often of real value, both in economics and politics. Sometimes it may be best for the Cabinet to compare Mr. Lloyd George's scheme of National Insurance as a whole with Mr. Churchill's scheme of National Defence as a whole. But it is often likely that their discussion will be more really useful if it follows the "marginal" method, and if Mr. Churchill is forced to contend that his last Dreadnought represents a better expenditure than its equivalent in improved maternity benefits.

The controversy as to marginalism is, of course, a question of convenience in intellectual method. The controversy as to the Social Will may be represented as a question of fact. Either human beings are related, as Mr. Hobson argues, to a self-conscious society as the living cell is related (without knowing it) to the self-conscious individual of which it forms part, or they are not. But, since there is no available evidence to settle the question of fact, the point may be well treated, from the pragmatist point of view, as one of comparative intellectual and emotional advantage. Are we more likely so to think of society as to produce better social arrangements if we assume the existence of a Social Will or if we do not? I myself am convinced that the general acceptance of the doctrine of the Social Will not only would be likely to encourage what I hold to be the bad habit of believing things without evidence, but would also be likely to lead to that sort of easy-going optimism which one detects in some of the followers of Hegel. If a super-brain is thinking for us the necessity of undertaking the intolerable toil of thought for ourselves seems less urgent. One is afraid of the effect of telling either eight million voters or eight hundred officials that there exists an "instinctive wisdom of the people" (pp. 354 and 358). Mr. Hobson is a clear-sighted student of American social conditions. Does he really believe that what the people of America now most need is to be told that the "sense of 'manifest destiny' is surely no illusion" (p. 355)? But on such points men will dispute till the final age of ice.

"Work and Wealth" is too big and too stimulating a book to cover in a review. If I were writing a quarterly article on it, I might praise its treatment of "cost," of "world-industry," and of "scientific management," and might point out a few chapters which I think would gain by compression. But I can only end by thanking Mr. Hobson for the candor, knowledge, and insight with which he has striven to bring economics back to the service of mankind.

GRAHAM WALLAS.

A WHITE MAN ON THE AMAZON.

"The Upper Reaches of the Amazon." By JOSEPH F. WOODROFFE. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is one of the very few books of travel (other than purely scientific treatises) that has evidently been written from the interior grace. The world is nowadays so much run over by the "impertinent curious," or the "curious impertinent," that hardly any portion of it is free from books of so-called travel. Most of them are unnecessary, and many of them badly written, whilst few contain anything of value, and must be published at the compiler's own proper charges and expense. Nothing is more frequent than for a man (or woman) to go to Timbuctoo, Wadai, to Kano, or to Nicaragua, and to take with him (or her) so much of his own atmosphere and prejudices that his books might just as well have been compiled in Balham, in Birkenhead, or in Milngavie. These "travellers," though often reactionaries in their native wilds (Balham and Birkenhead, though not so frequently in Milngavie*), usually turn reformers as soon as they have got abroad. All camel-drivers they wish at once to convert into tramway conductors, and though at home they all belong to societies for keeping down the rates, they clamor at once for a new scheme of drainage or electric lighting in the towns that they honor with their patronage.

The writer of "The Upper Reaches of the Amazon" is in a different category. Having gone out to Iquitos to take up a situation with a firm, he found it either bankrupt or in difficulties, and was obliged, for seven years, to devote himself to that ennobling toil which we admire so much . . . in other people. The Upper Amazon is not a favorable country for a poor white man. Little by little, the writer, as he tells us, with the unusual gift of self-perspective, fell into a state of semi-peonage. The system is, and has been for long, the curse of Spanish and Portuguese America. As the "peon" is always paid in kind, and the books are kept by

his employer, he naturally is never out of debt. Now, to be in debt in the Upper Amazon is practically to become a slave. The gift of self-perspective, which the writer has, is one of the attractive features of the book. He lets us see—and that without any loss of self-respect, and totally without the self-humiliation of the repentant sinner, the brand snatched from the burning, of the religious meeting—that he had fallen pretty low. From interior evidence, and from the fact that all the time, even during his greatest poverty, he studied the flora and the fauna of the country, his fall was chiefly in the region of the mind, and probably he never fell (although he hints he did) into the real habits of the beach-comber. Most likely he gave way to despair, and acquiesced in his condition of debt-slavery, out of which the arrival of Sir Roger Casement fortunately roused him, and gave the world the advantage of his most interesting book.

Most people know, and none better than Sir Roger Casement, how difficult it is to investigate abuses when you are in either the position of an official or that of a rich man. To a poor man the world is of necessity more open; for he is in it, and nothing is concealed from those who are supposed to have no power. Therefore, the horrors of the Putumayo district, the exploitation of the unfortunate Hiutoto Indians, and all the system for which Señor Arana stood to justify, before the Royal Commission, were unconcealed to a man of whom the Aranas and their compeers stood in no fear. How could they guess, that the "poor white" was all the time consumed by a never-dying indignation about everything he saw? No one could possibly have thought that the poor clerk, or sometime laborer, was cherishing a determination to expose all that he saw and suffered. A man who visits regions such as the old-time Congo or the Upper Amazon is perhaps moved to indignation by everything he sees. So is a man who sees a horse ill-used; but to a man who has been as the horse himself, and though perhaps he has not felt the lash on his own back, has yet stood by and seen the blue weals rise in the raw flesh and watched the silent tears, impotent himself even to dry them, how much more real must the indignation burn in his heart of hearts!

The horrors which the writer must have seen, he rather indicates than actually describes; but that he saw them, and that they made a deep impression on his mind, the following passage shows:—

"Slavery, shame, and vice, are the sum of all that my Brazilian friend and I found in this Bolivian frontier town (Villa Bella) . . . and I know that if these lines meet the eye of my companion, he will remember our compact to do all in our power to make these things public knowledge, and, if need be, the whole world through, and I am content to know that I, at least, have fulfilled my promise, irrespective of any measures taken by him in his native town of Ceará . . ."

It is a passage which, as I transcribe it, calls up many and vain regrets; for everyone has seen things that he ought to have made a resolution to make public to the world.

It seems to have been written after witnessing the horrible beating of an Indian girl by an old procuress in this same frontier town. The writer and his Brazilian friend wished to interfere, but were deterred from doing so by being told that "public opinion would be against them if they did." Public opinion in a Bolivian frontier town usually manifests itself by a stray shot or two at night, or even in the daytime, if the sentiments of the citizens are sufficiently aroused. Talking one day with a Columbian rubber-man, he chanced to tell me of what he called a slight "molestia" (trouble) that he had had in just such another frontier town as Bella Vista. "When the 'molestia' broke out," he said, "I started firing, and laid out three or four of them, so that the sentiment of the place was set against me, and I had to leave." Considering the difficulties of his life, the scientific work the writer did was admirable. He has compiled a list of nearly all the animals and many of the birds in the Upper Amazon. The animals are all known to me in Paraguay, and many of the birds, though of the latter there are many species that I have not seen. The "Horned Screamer" ranges far to the South, and, in the Buenos Ayres pampa in days gone by, were often tamed and kept for their watching powers, in which they far exceed an ordinary dog,

* Milngavie (pronounced Milguy) is a residential adjunct of Glasgow, and is well known in our wild north land, though, I believe, dwellers in Birkenhead and Balham do not know of its existence.

Except the curious observations on the Hiutotos and their dances, and, of course, his exposure of the treatment of the Indians, one of the features of the book is the well-prepared and careful list of the Amazonian trees, all with their scientific names. Many of them have native names, in Guarani, and therefore are familiar to me, being identical with those in use in Paraguay; but dozens I have never heard of; and possibly some, of which he only gives the native names, are quite unknown, even to botanists. Lists of trees, of animals, and observations of the physical peculiarities of a country can be drawn up by many travellers. Totemism and marriage customs, even the curious system of signalling by means of the great wooden drum, the "manguaré" (on which I have put an accent, because I think it ought to have one, as so many Indian words are accentuated on the last syllable), which has its parallel in the looking-glass signals of the Apaches, many men could have written on, as well as the writer of the book. Where he excels is in his sympathy with these poor Indians, as it were, from the inside. When he describes their dances, and the simulated attack they made upon the dance-house, creeping out from the woods, just as they would have done in actual warfare, he never puts on any air of superiority. Their religious ceremonies he describes just as he might describe those of some curious Christian sect, neither disparagingly nor from the vantage-ground of one belonging to a race which has invented the quick-firing gun. He says the Indian woman is by nature virtuous, and leaves us wondering if, after all, the same can be said of all her Christian sisters, and then goes on to say, "the Indian rarely abandons his women-folk"; and then one ponders on cases that one reads of Christian husbands, in the daily press. Not that he draws a parallel, for he is too much interested in what he writes, even to digress. In fact, parallels and digressions are but for mere reviewers, and for those who read of the Hiutotos, and do not know them at first-hand.

An interesting book, written in a good homely style, such as men use in canoe-camps on the Amazon, neither alembicated, or yet so bald as to be wearisome, and which leaves upon you the impression that he was a good fellow and an honest man, striving with difficulties, and with rogues. The writer has sufficient scientific tincture to enable scientific men to check his statements, and not enough to make his writing wearisome.

Mercifully, he never launches into long descriptions of the scenery, and so we never read of "the quivering bamboos standing up like spear heads in the intense and lurid tropic light," nor of the "dark metallic leaves shining like armor," nor yet of "opaline tints," or any other of the clichés, which, if I were not writing for so serious a publication I should designate as "hogswash." I leave him to his readers with this quotation from his book. He thanks Sir Roger Casement for the encouragement that made him feel "almost a man again," and gives him heart to work for suffering humanity in South America:—

"This is a work," he says, "to which I hope to induce resolute and right-thinking men to join, so that the little-known regions of South America will be lifted out of the darkness which envelops them, and give up their secrets to the light, for 'There is no object so foul that intense light will not make it beautiful.'"

I wish him luck.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

"The Russian Opera." By ROSA NEWMARCH. (Jenkins. 5s. net.)

FOR years Mrs. Rosa Newmarch has been one of the apostles of Russian music. There are now many who profess an ardent faith. More particularly Mrs. Newmarch has been advocating the claim of Moussorgsky to be considered a genius. The little orchestral music of his which had been played in London did not seem to make the claim valid, but last year when his operas "Boris Godounov" and "Khovanstchina" were performed for the first time in London, we knew that Mrs. Newmarch had been justified. The author herself disarms criticism by confessing that the comprehensiveness

of the title of her new book fills her with dismay, but, except in the matter of form, her dismay is without real cause. One could have imagined a book on the subject which sustained the fine critical and historical style of the first half of "Russian Opera," but at the same time the biographical and descriptive details of the different composers and their works are of much value. If this part of Mrs. Newmarch's work had been definitely cast into a second part, the book would have had more shape.

The study of Russian music and of Russian opera is fascinating, because, although the line of development was continuous, the rise of the school is so curiously self-conscious. In the history of music there are other instances. Monteverde and his school self-consciously carried out the reform of opera, and, much later, Gluck wrote opera according to a logical formula. Again, Wagner laid down theories which were more or less embodied in his music-dramas. But none of these composers succeeded in forming a definite school of art. Gluck had his influence and Wagner his, but they did not really create schools of opera. Wagner's influence, indeed, has been mainly technical, and his reforms have been adopted and modified by composers who are at one with him in nothing else. It may well be that artistic reforms should follow that natural growth, and the school of Moussorgsky and Balakirev is too self-conscious to be natural. It may be too soon to judge whether their style will have lasting influence. Discussion on these points is permissible, but dogmatism would be absurd. At the same time there is one feature in Russian opera which lifts it above a mere self-conscious, artistic movement. As Mrs. Newmarch has shown in her book, the roots of Russian opera lie deep in Russian folk-music, "where they have spread and flourished naturally and without effect." Curiously enough, the discouragement of music by the Church only results in a kind of intensive development. Folk-music was thrown back on itself, and did not expand as it expanded in other countries, into what Wagner called "art-music." Professional musicians neglected it, too, so that it slowly and surely developed on its own lines, until a handful of enthusiasts saw that it was good, and sought to found a national style on the national music.

The history of Russian opera is full of curious features. Its composers seem to have received what in certain religious sects is termed a "call." Glinka, the Messiah of Russian opera, was a dilettante amateur of Italian singers and Italian opera until the thought of writing a real Russian opera flashed suddenly on his mind, and the whole course of his creative career was changed. Dargomijsky, his disciple, was attracted in the same way to a national opera, only not with the same suddenness. From the influence of this disciple of Glinka's arose the Mighty Five (Balakirev, Cui, Moussorgsky, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakov). They had to hear their call, just as Glinka had heard it, only differently. Glinka's music seemed too lyrical to the younger men. It was based on folk-music, it is true, but the folk-music was expressed in lyrical terms. There was no real national style in that. The genius who could strike out a new manner based on folk-music was required. Dargomijsky and then Balakirev pathed the way for that genius. The indomitable Strassov, himself not a composer but a critic, became a kind of intelligence department. We are apt, however, to imagine that all the composers of Russian opera belonged to the uncompromising national school. Mrs. Newmarch clearly shows that Dargomijsky and Moussorgsky stand alone as realists. Rimsky-Korsakov, César, Cui, and Borodin, although Nationalists at heart and in their aims, as opposed to the Continental school of Rubinstein, and, in a less degree, of Tchaikovsky, were the real descendants of Glinka. In their art folk-music is expressed lyrically, according to the universal formulæ of music. Moussorgsky is one of the strangest figures in any art. Borodin described him as a typical military dandy when only eighteen years of age. Two or three years later, "all traces of foppishness had disappeared," and Moussorgsky astonished Borodin by announcing his intention of devoting his whole life to music. The composer of "Boris Godounov" was not dilettante as an artist, although he never became a finished technical musician. His work impresses one as nothing Rimsky-Korsakov, for instance, ever wrote. "Ivan le Terrible" is a picturesque and impressive music-drama, but it has not the

impress of genius as "Boris Godounov" and "Khovanchina" have. To Moussorgsky the folk-music of his race was a real vital expression, and not a basis for artistic embroidery. Over and over again in these music-dramas one hears the note of genius, effects simply produced, which could not be so well expressed in any other way. As a composer, Moussorgsky is like a great literary artist who has the secret of the revealing word. Can any composer not possessing Moussorgsky's genius carry on his work? I doubt it. There is the just balance between the music and the drama, which might be copied as a formula for music-drama; and there is the constant use of beautiful old folk-songs or imitations of them, which cannot be distinguished from the original models. These qualities might be reflected in the work of other men, but the inspiration, imagination, and impressive *naïveté* are to be imitated by none who have not Moussorgsky's genius. His music-dramas prove this, however: that the combination of music and drama with the aim of expressing dramatic psychology is not to be gauged by any ready-made artistic standard. "Boris Godounov," in spite of its scrappy libretto, and, at times, its ill-made music, is a great work of art, for it achieves its aim of deeply moving us in the contemplation of a page in the blood-stained history of Russia. Recent developments of Russian music prove that Moussorgsky stood alone. The younger school are followers of Debussy and Richard Strauss; but that is only a passing phase. Glinka, Dargomijsky, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Borodin were not the masters of a moment. They expressed, in different ways, the characteristics of the Russian race, and their work is not likely to be doomed to sterility. Mrs. Newmarch's book will be of great help to those who admire Russian opera in understanding its aims, and the characters of the men who have made it.

SCOTLAND A NATION.

"The Scottish War of Independence: A Critical Study."
By EVAN MACLEOD BARRON. (Nisbet. 16s. net.)

MR. LANG, in his "History of Scotland," says that the Scots War of Independence was won by the Lowlanders, a people "mainly of English descent, fighting under the standards of leaders more or less Norman by blood." It would be hard to pack into three or four lines more misconceptions than are contained in the preceding quotation. Become traditional long before the period of rigid documentary research, these misconceptions destroy the basis of the history of the war. A historian of the long and terrific struggle which came to an end at Bannockburn, on the 24th of June, 1314, just six hundred years ago, is confronted by an ethnological question which he must answer before he moves a step. Who were the Scots; what was the Scotland, of 1296-97, the year of the national rising? Mr. Barron shows that the Lowlanders of English descent were mainly confined to the eastern and smaller strip of country between the Forth and the Tweed—the district known as Lothian, comprising the modern Lothians, Berwickshire, and parts of Roxburgh and Selkirk. All the rest of the Lowlands—that is, of Scotland south of the line from a point near Glasgow to a point near Edinburgh—was almost exclusively Celtic. With two trifling exceptions, all Scotland north of the line was Celtic. The exceptions were Caithness, Norwegian, and the City of Aberdeen, whose people still bear the impress of the shrewd, hard-headed, tight-fisted, adventurous Flemish traders who settled there, and made the place. The old Scottish Kingdom, then, was Celtic, with a small English, or mixed English, population in its south-eastern corner. Carrick, in the south-west, was Celtic. Robert Bruce inherited it, with his title Earl of Carrick, from his mother the Celtic heiress.

The historian's next preliminary step will be to explain how the old Scots Kingdom grew up. And so Mr. Barron refutes the theory that the Lowlanders of Saxon descent created the ancient kingdom by conquering and solidifying the disunited, turbulent chiefships of the Celtic west, centre, and north. He shows that the conquest and unification began, not in the south, but in the north, and that it expanded southwards. Kenneth, in the ninth century,

was a Celtic Egbert. Up to 1018, the Lothian already named was part of the English Kingdom of Northumbria. But in that year it was conquered and annexed to the Scots Kingdom by Malcolm II., predecessor of the King Duncan and the Macbeth of Shakespeare's play—Celts the three of them, like the kings before them and the kings after them, to Alexander III., last in the direct line of succession, whose death, causing virulent rivalries, incited Edward I. to subjugate Scotland. Mr. Barron next explains, clearly, minutely, and at great length, the claims of the two competitors—Bruce and Balliol—to the Scots throne, and Edward's own claim to the overlordship. Bruce and Balliol were the direct heirs and descendants of the younger branch of the Celtic Royal house—the former through the younger niece of King William the Lion, the latter through the elder. But there was this difference—the intermediate heirs on Bruce's side were male (his father and grandfather), on Balliol's side, female. Each rival had much to say for himself. But long before the puzzle was submitted to Edward's arbitration, and when Bruce's grandfather was the competitor, the Scots nobles and people declared (to quote Barron's words) that "the son born of the second sister should inherit in preference to the daughter born of the eldest sister." But Edward, invited to arbitrate, rejected the Scots verdict, and John Balliol, accordingly, was crowned King of Scotland. Balliol, however, had first to acknowledge Edward as his feudal superior. Edward's claim was based on a shadowy transaction dating more than a hundred years back, abrogated by both sides fifteen years later, and then forgotten. Save that transaction, not a trace of feudal relationship between England and Scotland has, writes our author, ever been found. But Edward I., one of the greatest men of medieval Europe, great in administration as in war, had his ambitious dream of a United Kingdom of Britain—a noble dream, had he gone the right way to realize it. He went the wrong way—imposing English clerics and English judges on the Scots nation, summoning Scots law cases for trial in England, showing absolute indifference to the patriotic and religious feelings and convictions of the Scottish people, who resented the intrusion of the Edwardian clergy as stubbornly as their Covenanting posterity did the Caroline bishops.

After three years' reign, Balliol "rebelled." He was promptly vanquished in battle. With an astonishing rapidity Edward overran Scotland, and planted scores of garrisons all over the country, from Inverness, Elgin, and Aberdeen in the far North, to the Solway and the Tweed. The bulk of Mr. Barron's book is a critical proof, based on wide and exact knowledge gathered from English and Scottish sources, that the national resistance, which triumphed at Bannockburn, was planned and engineered almost entirely by the leaders of the Celtic North—lay and ecclesiastical—with the "Communitas," the common people (ever on the watch) at their back. The Anglicized Lothian may be described as, on the whole, neutral—an intelligible attitude, for though so long reconciled to their Scottish nationality, its inhabitants were in race and speech the kinsmen of the nation on the south side of the Tweed. Their other neighbors next door, the Lowland Celts, among whom racial intermixture had made some progress, were less active in the war than their northern kindred. Mr. Barron's long lists of the names of the local and territorial leaders who fought King Edward are a most striking testimony of the predominance of the northern Scots throughout the war. Readers of popular books on the war must often have wondered why, if independence was the achievement of the Anglicized South, the Scots heroes of the war so often took refuge in the North, and raised armies there for the invasion of the South. Mr. Barron's criticism explains it all. Wallace's army at the Battle of Stirling Bridge was, according to our author's elaborate demonstration, mainly a northern one, led by Andrew Moray from his ancestral province of Moray, whose warlike people, ever loyal to the native kings, appear to have been foremost in the eighteen years' strife.

At this point Mr. Barron upsets the cherished national tradition. His criticism makes Andrew Moray, Wallace's colleague, the real hero of Stirling Bridge. Moray, mortally wounded at the battle, was, writes our author, a first-rate strategist; and Wallace was not, as was proved by his

CONSTABLE'S NEW BOOKS**A Book of
International Importance.****THE
HAPSBURG
MONARCHY**

BY

WICKHAM STEED**2nd EDITION NOW READY.
AT ALL LIBRARIES & BOOK-
SELLERS (7s. 6d. net)****THE ATHENAEUM.**

"A work which bears on every page the stamp of authority, and shows unusual powers of observation."

THE OBSERVER.

"His book is a masterpiece of generalisation, and probably the most perfect study of its subject that our language contains."

THE NEW STATESMAN.

"In his knowledge of the ins and outs of European politics, Mr. Steed has few equals."

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

"His book is closely packed with knowledge, observation, and thought."

THE MORNING POST.

"It supplies the key to most of the present-day problems of South-Eastern Europe."

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

"Should be read very carefully from cover to cover by every one who desires to understand the external and internal policy of the polyglot Empire."

THE TIMES.

"Mr. Steed has written a remarkable book."

**THE DRIFT OF
ROMANTICISM**

Being the Eighth Series of "SHELburne ESSAYS."
5s. net. By PAUL ELMER MORE.

"Mr. Moore impresses the present reviewer deeply with the scope and penetration of his critical work . . . and the accuracy of his craftsmanship, the reassuring confidence with which he gives his judgments."—*The Athenaeum*.

Just published. A new book by

FIELDING HALL

Author of "The Soul of a People, &c."

LOVE'S LEGEND

10s. net.

A new book by the Author of "The Great Forests and Deserts of North America," entitled,

THE RIVER AMAZON

FROM ITS SOURCES TO THE SEA

Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. By PAUL FOUNTAIN

"We may commend Mr. Fountain's timely publication to all who wish to form a vivid idea of the great river of South America. . . . This is one of the pleasantest and manliest books of travel that we have read for some time; and it differs from most modern works of its class, in that even the jaded reviewer could wish that it had been longer."—*The Times*.

THE INNER HISTORY OF THE**BALKAN WAR**

By LIEUT.-COL. REGINALD RANKIN F.R.G.S.

Special War Correspondent for *The Times* with the Bulgarian Forces. With Maps and Illustrations. 15s. net.

"The most generally useful book upon the war that we have seen . . . it should be read by all who study modern war and history."—*The Manchester Guardian*.

EDMUND SPENSER

And the IMPERSONATIONS OF FRANCIS BACON.

16s. net. By EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, C.B.

The book contains much new matter of great historical interest, the most novel and important perhaps being in the interpretations which the author gives of the principal characters in the "Faerie Queene."

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD. LONDON

FROM A CHINESE POINT OF VIEW

America & the Americans

By WU TINGFANG, late Chinese Minister to the
United States.

"Eminently worth reading by everyone interested in the comparative study of different civilisations. His book is the outcome of wide experience and shrewd observation, and it offers food for Western smiles, and for plenty of hard thinking on the part of intelligent white men in England and her Colonies as well as America. 'America and the Americans' (which is England and the English too) 'from a Chinese point of view' is a subtle volume. Here and there it emerges into a delightful and engaging frankness."—*Globe*.

Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net, postage 5d.

Plays. Third Series**By John Galsworthy**

Contains

**The Mob The Pigeon
The Fugitive***Small Cr. 8vo. 6s.*

°° The Three Plays can be had separately, cloth, 2s. net, paper covers, 1s. 6d. net. each, postage 3d.

Plays. Second Series

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

Translated from the Norwegian, with an Introduction, by
EDWIN BJORKMAN.

Contains LOVE AND GEOGRAPHY, BEYOND
HUMAN MIGHT, LABOREMUS.

Crown 8vo. 6s.

"TOLD WITH ARRESTING SYMPATHY AND
DIRECTNESS."—*THE TIMES*.

Shallow Soil

A NOVEL. By KNUT HAMSDUN. 6s.

Hamsun is regarded as a classic throughout Europe. His style is unusually beautiful.

THE BEST REVIEWED BOOK OF 1914

A Child Went Forth

By YOI PAWLOWSKA, Author of "A Year of Strangers."

"A delightful book, delightful alike for its very natural presentation of the child Anna, for its faithful pictures of a life little familiar to English readers, and for its broad sympathy and understanding."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Worthy of the delightful form in which it has been published. The story of Anna's childhood in the village is simply told and genuine. The child herself lives beautifully in her love for the village, and the village itself we get to know almost as intimately as the child who loved it. A charming book, told with much delicate feeling."—*Observer*.

"This is the mature work of a master of words, a brilliant achievement in literature, taking that word in its highest sense. Every sketch is worth reading, and the book is one worth keeping, for here are humour and pathos, colour and depth such as rarely are found in the writings of the authors of to-day. Not only is the spirit of the work good, but the form is also exquisite; the world will be the richer for such a little volume as this, though the work is too fine and delicate to attain to popularity."—*Academy*.

"This is a book of grave and sincere beauty. It is a tale of childhood, having none of the usual falsities of perspective or proportion, and seeming to spring as straight and clear as growing grass. The book has in it something of the emotion of early morning, and it keeps always that freshness. It is strangely exciting, too, because in reading it the expectancy of childhood creeps into one, and all that is told seems wonderful. It is a little like the atmosphere of dreams in its uncanny earnestness, and the feeling that strange things are coming out of the still horizon; and it has, too, like all the best dreams plenty of detail of a practical sort."—*Daily News*.

"The author of 'A Child Went Forth' has an unusual capacity for taking the reader into the world the book describes, and making him really acquainted with its people. That world is a village in Hungary, where the child, who is the centre of the book, was born and reared. I will not labour the instances; some of the folk and some of the incidents are more vivid than others, but all are interesting and all come before you with a sort of effortless grace. There is more, too, for in the end the reader enters into the sad heart of the child with her passionate love for her native place and passionate sorrow in being parted from it. In a world of squabbling and bustle this beautiful and tranquil picture of something remote yet intricate, something small yet elemental, is a gift to be grateful for."—G. S. STREET in the *New Witness*.

A Child Went Forth*Illustrated. 5s. net, postage 4d.***DUCKWORTH & CO., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.**

disastrous defeat at the next battle, Falkirk, where he was in sole command. If Mr. Barron is right, Sir William Wallace was, not a skilful general, but a superb guerilla chief—the Garibaldi of the Scots War of Independence. Mr. Barron and his brother Scots may be left to fight it out. But Scotland, ever leal and true, is right in her veneration of Sir William Wallace. And the vindictive cruelty of the death of his noble antagonist has left an indelible stain on the memory of the greatest of the Plantagenets.

Mr. Barron deals somewhat differently with the next hero, Robert Bruce, exonerating him from charges of repeated, calculated, selfish infidelity to the national cause, of ingratitude and violation of his oath of fealty to the English monarch. His discussion on the medieval distinction between the "morality" and the "legality" of an oath of fealty, and between modern and medieval conceptions of moral obligation, are worth an attentive reading. As for favors received, what gratitude, our author asks, did Bruce owe to the man who robbed him of a kingdom? You do not see the generosity of the thing when Jack Sheppard, having relieved you of your purse, makes you a present of half-a-crown. King Edward, and Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, and the Comyns (who took the place of the vanished Balliols) were each fighting for the Scots throne; and their oaths of fealty were but "legal" bargains, sure to be repudiated at convenience, without taint of "moral" baseness. So argues our historian. Mr. Barron gives a vivid account of Bruce's adventures, from his coronation at Scone, the old Celtic capital, in 1306, to his crowning victory in 1314—eight years of direst hardship, plots and counterplots, bloodshed, loyalties, treacheries, and splendid romance, spent in wandering, often as a lonely fugitive, all over Scotland, from his native Carrick to the Orkneys, and Inverness and Aberdeen to the western Isles. Mr. Barron's detailed criticism of the decisive battle of June 24th, 1314, is admirable, corroborating the view that Bruce, always magnanimous and humane, was a general of the first order. In this country at least, Bruce's peculiar use of infantry against mail-clad cavalry seems to have been an entire innovation; and his "schiltroms" at the great battle (hollow ovals, with spears pointing outwards) were a hinted prophecy of Wellington's squares at Waterloo. But without detracting in the least from Bruce's greatness as a strategist, one may ask whether Edward I., had he been in command, would have allowed himself to be manœuvred by the Scots King into that narrow fatal trap between the Bannock and the Forth.

The moral of the Scots war was the victory of right over might. Edward's usurpation was part of a scheme of Anglo-Continental expansion, with *ententes* and alliances in which the Scots had no interest; its natural effect was the kindling of an international hatred that lasted for centuries. The first Edward subjugated Scotland; but his position, and his son's, was, from first to last, that of the hunter who durst not relax his grip of the wolf's ears. Learned, ingenious, written in a light, flowing style, this criticism of the war, and exposition of the tenacious, heroic courage and endurance of a small, impoverished, and proud nation, gives its author a high place in the new school of British historians.

A COUNTRY HOUSE CHRONICLE.

"The Chronicles of Erthig on the Dyke." By ALBINIA LUCY CUST (Mrs. Wherry). (Lane. Two Vols. 25s. net.)

SURELY the task of editing old letters is one of the most onerous and baffling of all literary activities. For the writer has not only himself to depend upon, but the quality of his material. In no art is so much suggestion and delicacy of perception needed without that intrusion of the author's personality which is the buckler of those very qualities. And yet, for all its discreet subordination, the memoirist's personality is indispensable to enable him to reincarnate the faded ones of a dozen others. Mrs. Wherry has not quite succeeded in achieving this subtle adjustment of values. This is partly the result of an enthusiasm which forgets to adapt the particular to the universal. Absorbing to her, as a kinswoman of its lords, the chronicles of Erthig Hall can scarcely, unless carefully selected and doctored, be the same to us.

And in this matter, Mrs. Wherry, a little too prone to assume an identity of interest between herself and her reader, is apt to draw her gallery of portraits in full-length instead of in profile. And it is not a sufficiently brilliant, entertaining, or important gallery, from the point of view, not so much of literary or historical prominence, but of simple human interest, to justify this expansiveness.

The families of Edisbury, Meller, and Yorke, who have held the country seat of Erthig from the seventeenth century to the present day (the actual holder to-day is Mr. Philip Yorke), were solid, kindly, unambitious worthies, content to administer their estate in tranquil seclusion from the world. Joshua Edisbury, who was constantly involved in heavy debt and heavier matrimonial disputations with his relatives, died in 1716, and John Meller, a shrewd and complaisant man of affairs, bought out the property from the principal mortgagee, Sir John Trevor, a disciple of the infamous Jeffreys. It was during his residence that most of the beautiful furniture, silver, and domestic appurtenances of the house were bought, not because, as Mrs. Wherry sagely says, Meller was a man of particularly discriminating taste, but because all furniture in those days was beautiful. He was certainly patient and tolerant above the average of those turbulently controversial times, bearing, as he did, the attentions of numerous and tedious relations with conspicuous passivity. Even the self-expression of "Melissa" could not ruffle him:—

"Oppressed with Ills, and sunk beneath the Weight
Of sad Affliction, unrelenting Fate;
Successive Woes, and never-ceasing Care,
Abandon'd to Misfortune, and Despair;
How can the languid, long-neglected Muse
One tuneful strain or cheerful thought infuse?
But elevated Worth like Phœbus' Rays
E'en through the gloom, its influence displays;
Suspends my Grief, inspires with Joy supreme
Pleasure immense! where Meller is my Theme."

He was succeeded by his nephew, Simon Yorke, in 1726, whose epitaph—"a pious, temperate, sensible country gentleman, of a very mild, just, and benevolent character," epitomizes his qualities more veraciously than most. His son, Charles, and the young Earl of Hardwicke wrote between them "The Athenian Letters," a familiar example of the pseudo-classical cult of the eighteenth century. Simon's reign at Erthig was as serene and imperturbable as those of his predecessors and successors. Even the brief hurricane of the Young Pretender's invasion in 1745, only reached the family and its correspondents in spasmodic eddies. Simon died in 1767, and his son Philip reigned in his stead. Philip, though his nature was inclined to be ponderous and circumstantial, was more enterprising than his father. He made many improvements to his demesne, and betrayed a very praiseworthy impatience at Sir John Cust's superficial obduracy in not giving him his daughter in marriage. The pair were finally married in 1770. Elizabeth Cust's letters to Philip are, on the whole, the best, and certainly the lightest in the book: "I have wrote so long, I expect the *sheriff* every moment. Therefore, I must prepare myself for my *last words*. I think I have been very good to you, and sent you so much news, that I not only expect to escape being *starr'd* or *burn't* to death, but to have a long life, even for *ever*." And so on—pleasant chatter, which are a relief after the diffuse periods of her husband. The "long life," unhappily, only lasted nine years after her marriage, and Philip married an inconsequent widow (probably as an antidote to himself) four years later. When she lost her charms, he "used to make fun of her for the entertainment of his friends," which does not appear to be in the best of taste. With his son Simon's succession, in 1804, the chronicle comes to an end, the last published letter bearing the date of 1831. Simon reverted to the mild amiability of the grand-parental type, and calls for little attention.

Mrs. Wherry's narrative, if not highly distinguished, is sympathetic and lively. But she ought to have sternly eliminated such passages as this: "... the lamentable want of patriotism that now pervades all classes. They do not . . . recognize, as they should, the sacred duty of every citizen to qualify for the defence of his country in case of a possible invasion." Such prejudices are very inappropriate in the impartial records of the biographer. The portraits are excellent.

Macmillan's New Books.

The Native Tribes of the Northern Territory of Australia. By W. BALDWIN SPENCER, C.M.G., F.R.S. With 8 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 21s. net.

H. G. WELLS'S NEW STORY.

The World Set Free. A Story of Man-kind. 6s.

A Lad of Kent. By HERBERT HARRISON. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The Athenæum.—"Mr. Harrison supplies full measure of adventures, both serious and comic, deftly intermingled, and he introduces to us a variegated crowd of most life-like and interesting personages, who play vivid parts in a vivid and convincing manner. . . . We congratulate the author on an excellent and stirring tale of a most interesting epoch."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The King of the Dark Chamber. A Play. By RABINDRANATH TAGORE. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

The Theory of Poetry in England: Its Development in Doctrines and Ideas from the Sixteenth Century to the Nineteenth Century. By R. P. COWL, M.A. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

The Great Society. A Psychological Analysis. By GRAHAM WALLAS, Author of "Human Nature in Politics," etc. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Pall Mall Gazette.—"Mr. Graham Wallas's lines of reasoning are well defined, and the reasoning itself is constant and thorough. His book will render perceptible aid to all who are honestly grappling with the broader questions of politics in its relation to society."

Work and Wealth: A Human Valuation. By J. A. HOBSON, M.A. Author of "The Industrial System," etc. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

The Daily News.—"This deeply interesting book . . . is likely to attract a large body of readers among those who are anxious for more instruction from a man known for his highly enlightened and original ideas."

Greek Philosophy. Part I. Thales to Plato. By JOHN BURNET, LL.D. 8vo. 10s. net. [The Schools of Philosophy.]

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD., LONDON.

"THE EGOIST"

(Formerly "THE NEW FREEWOMAN")

Published 1st and 15th of each month.
PRICE - SIXPENCE.

Subscription Rates:

Yearly, 13/- Six months, 6/6. Three months, 3/3.
Single copies, post free, 7d.

Editorial and Publishing Offices:

Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

THE INDEX TO VOLUME XIV. OF THE NATION

may be obtained free on application to
the Manager.

Healthy and Entertaining Holiday Books.

READY TO-DAY. 12 READY TO-DAY.

NEW

'WAYFARER'

1/- NET VOLUMES 1/- NET

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ARNOLD BENNETT

S. R. CROCKETT

W. PETT RIDGE

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

Author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*.

Princess Priscilla's Fortnight

MRS. DE LA PASTURE

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Sq.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

Quo Vadis?

BARRY PAIN

De Omnibus

HOLBROOK JACKSON

Southward Ho! and Other Essays

JAMES MILNE

The Epistles of Atkins

W. CLARK RUSSELL

Round the Galley Fire

VOLUMES PREVIOUSLY ISSUED, IN
GREAT DEMAND.

THOMAS HARDY

Under the Greenwood Tree

H. G. WELLS

Wonderful Visit

JOSEPH CONRAD

'Twixt Land and Sea

ARNOLD BENNETT

Grand Babylon Hotel

QUILLER COUCH

Troy Town

Send for list of first 60 Volumes.

J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd.,
19, ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD STREET.

The Daily News & Leader

is obviously the best family newspaper because the best families read it. This is proved by the statements of the leading advertisers, including the great West End Drapery houses, whose appeal is exclusively to women. Because it appeals to the best homes, it must appeal to your home.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"The Fortunate Youth." By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (Lane. 6s.)

"Where Bonds are Loosed." By GRANT WATSON. (Duckworth. 6s.)

"The Making of a Bigot." By ROSE MACAULAY. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"Kicks and Ha'pence." By HENRY STACE. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"Once Upon a Time." By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. (Dent. 6s.)

Who craves success of sales must write romance. That seems the golden rule for authors who are commercially-minded. The realist has never yet enjoyed a boom, and will not do so while the mass of novel-readers look for illusion rather than life in fiction. Mr. Locke is the Fortunate Novelist. Any new romance from his pen is as sure to sell by the thousands as is to-morrow's sun to shine somewhere. "The Fortunate Youth" will, without doubt, do more than usually well. It is just the stuff Mr. Locke's innumerable votaries look for, and certainly better worth reading than its precious and high falutin' predecessor, "Stella Maris." Not that it is free of preciousness—far from that—or of the various artificialities. Mr. Locke's people are never quite people, their doings are seldom entirely actual. There is always an atmosphere of illusion about them, and they do not object occasionally to talk pretty-pretty; hence, no doubt, the popularity and success of Mr. Locke, and the comparative failure of those finer artists who endeavor to realize life. "The Fortunate Youth" is excellently conceived. A Lancashire slum-boy and factory-hand "of startling beauty"—absurd is twice or thrice the adjective associated with the physical charm of Paul Kegworthy's face—is led through self-confidence and sentimentality to soar. "When Paul smiled it was as if Eros's feathers had brushed the cheek of a Praxitelian Hermes." Is it wonderful, then, that despite rags, toeless boots, and the dialect of Bludstone, he should win the interest of various ladies, from the scented damsel who presented him with a cornelian heart for talisman, to the real live princess whom subsequently he married? Their influence quickened his aspirations and carried him upwards. He certainly was lucky, and unlike every other person to whom Fortunatus has lent his cap, is still successful, cocksure, and absurdly beautiful at the end. The plot is ingeniously constructed, and has surprises which prevent our further suggesting its course. That is, indeed, the strength of the book, for the atmosphere is not actual or the characterization particularly definite, the people being types rather than realities; but here they are, from the gracious and the great to Blarney Bill, the travelling friend and philosopher, who talks the simple cockney of the pathetic-comedians of the old-time Adelphi. "The Fortunate Youth" is built for a raging popularity.

We obtain reality in Mr. Grant Watson's "Where Bonds are Loosed." Here is a novel by a new writer, who, if in his future fiction he maintain the force and quality of this, will probably achieve good things. It carries us away from the environment of cushions and conventions to the sun-blaze and brilliance of Australian seas, to one of those outposts of order, where man, removed from the regulations, is apt to recover his primitive instincts and release appetites which civilization had subdued. There is a hospital settlement on two islands off the coast of Northern Australia, where Aborigines are cured—generally by death—of their diseases. It was run by two doctors and two nurses who were ignorant and inefficient, but linked together in a community of mean interests. Enter a young doctor, Hicksey, who, being ambitious and clever, tries to clear things up and in the process makes himself obnoxious to the established order. There followed a new matron, a woman of sensuous personality and a past, causing passion which already had ceased to slumber to burst into flame. Lust and murder march; and the book lives. It is, until the somewhat exhausted ending, good fiction, with breathing, moving characters, the rush of circumstance in one of the out-places of the world, and passions, great and mean, governing women and men.

It is a big drop from the blaze and force of "Where Bonds are Loosed" to Miss Macaulay's "The

Making of a Bigot." Here is an author who has enjoyed an adequate apprenticeship, and proved that she can suggest characters and invent a theme; yet this book has not the quality of some of her earlier works. Its people are generally of the clever little kind: they burble and babble, and show themselves acquainted with the twopenny interests which provide occasion for small talk. It is all a well-behaved hurly-burly about not much. The title is misleading, for Eddy, the genial, muddle-minded boyish man, who begins by joining every cause and fellowship he is invited to, from the Fabian Society to the Tariff Reform League, would never have become a bigot and has not done so when the end comes. He is not convincing, mainly because he is beyond Miss Macaulay's powers; being even less actual than her Peter of "The Lee Shore," which, remembering the promise of her earlier books, is disappointing. Owing to the incessant babble of the too-many, the story moves slowly, and has not travelled far at the end. Its true heroine is Mrs. Le Moine; but owing to the talk of the marionettes, that unfortunate lady is compelled to take a back seat in the reader's interest. We beg Miss Macaulay in future to realize a worthier theme, and resist tendencies to babblement. There is no such bore as your clever little person, and a crowd of such wonders is surely the eleventh plague.

Mr. Henry Stace is another new writer who has made effort along the right track. He has aimed at reality, and justified his effort. His scene is placed in subordinate London; the hero being a clerk whose ambitions are wisely limited, and the girl of his heart a landlady's daughter who has loved, resultantly, elsewhere. The life depicted is certainly one of "Kicks and Ha'pence," with generally more kicks than quiddities. Alf Randeggar is a well-meaning youth with a muggy brain. He falls into justifiable suspicion of stealing gold from the safe of his employer and spends a night on remand in gaol, but is let off the next day for want of convincing evidence. The accusation is enough to put him into Queer Street, and he has a bad time until by hawking tea from house to house he gets on his feet again. Meanwhile, the lady of his heart has married the wandering rascal who has won her, and shares his vagabond life until a motor-car plays Fate; and we behold Alf and his ladylove enjoying orange blossom and the prospects of a profitable greengrocery business. Mr. Stace has observation and geniality; and out of the mean streets of Randeggar's experiences makes a readable book. It is worth any number of the efforts of the fustian-fiction which load the market.

Mr. Marriott Watson is too good a story-teller to be unworkmanlike: and, so far as the usual short-stories of this day can do, his "Once upon a Time" serves its purpose. He presents us with six tales, of which two, "The Picaroon" and "The Malings," are so long that a little more working-up and filling-in would have made them of adequate novel length. They are rather more entertaining, though not more artistically excellent, than the shorter stories, and are touched with a pleasant irresponsibility and lightness. In "The Picaroon" we are asked to believe the highly improbable—how many more times shall we meet the hero who poses as the foreign prince or nobleman and successfully wins another's promised bride?—but as things are with the run of short stories in these days, we must be grateful. These by Mr. Marriott Watson are better than most. Some day the English short story will live again as an effort of art; and that desirable end will probably come through the realists, rather than those who are, or claim to be, romanticists.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Through the South Seas with Jack London." By MARTIN JOHNSON. (Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. JACK LONDON has already told the story of his cruise round the world in his ketch, "The Snark." Mr. Johnson, who was one of the crew of six, has written a supplementary account of the notable voyage. He was one



TOURS.

DR. HENRY S. LUNN, LTD.

£7 17s. 6d. LUCERNE TOUR. 2nd-class return ticket and 7 days' full accommodation at the Hotel Europe.

£11 17s. 6d. 7 days Lucerne; 7 days Lugano.

Booklet from 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

£10 10s. 25 days' MONTREUX, ST. NIKLAUS, ZERMATT, 1st class Hotels; 2nd class Rail. No extras.

13 days CHAMONIX, FINHAUT, ZERMATT, £9 19s. 6d. Special No Night Travel Tours.

George Lunn's Tours, Ltd., 42, Gt. Russell-street, W.C.

**The Reporter.**

(Pen Talks. No. 5)

Be it shorthand or longhand my pen meets the case admirably. I wouldn't part with it. It's my bosom companion. I can depend on it to serve me just whenever I need it. It has seen some service, too. For three years it has been the only pen I have used. I like it because it is so simple, so convenient, so strong and so ready. I bought it as an experiment—the price seemed too little to pay for a really useful pen. It has exceeded all the claims made for it—and the guarantee I got with it has proved superfluous. Its name? The W.H.S. Pen—the self-filler.

You should have one. It's the pen that makes writing a pleasure and "filling" the work of a moment. The W.H.S. Pen is self filling. The nib is of 14-carat gold, tipped with iridium. There are 72 styles to choose from; every hand can be suited from stock. Every pen is guaranteed for two years. Ask to see the No. 2 model. Obtainable from all good stationers. Descriptive leaflet free from the proprietors: W. H. Smith & Son, Kean Street, Kingsway, London.

**3/9**

Onoto
The Self-filling
Safety Fountain **Pen**

**"You simply dip it
into any ink this
way**

"Then press down the rod, and the Onoto fills itself in a flash. And it is full—full of ink, not part ink and part air. Anywhere that there is ink, your Onoto is a fountain pen—not a 'forlorn hope! No need to hunt for a filler.

"And no fear of leakage. A turn of the Onoto 'head' renders the Onoto a sealed tube.

"Furthermore, by turning this same 'head' one can regulate the flow of ink exactly as desired for the work in hand. Consequently the Onoto never blots.

"The makers guarantee it to last a lifetime. If it ever goes wrong they immediately put it right free of charge."

Price 10/6 and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., Ltd., 191, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—Best for all Pens.

of the hundreds who applied for a berth on "The Snark," and apparently he owed his success to his ability to cook. All who are interested in such things have read Mr. Jack London's book. Those who "ask for more" will find it in Mr. Johnson's. Its author is a good observer, and writes of his experiences with simplicity and directness.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, June 19.	Price Friday morning, June 26.
Consols	74½	74½
Midland Deferred	71½	71½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	32	33½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	100½	101½
Union Pacific	158½	156
Turkish Unified	81	81
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889	75½	74

ALTHOUGH gilt-edged stocks have shown strength in accordance with last week's more hopeful anticipations, three obstacles have stood in the way of anything like bullish activity in the Stock Markets. In the first place, the area of the Grenfell failure extends. The power which this wild speculator exercised over his fellow-directors, and the reckless way in which he employed other people's money for his own adventures, has staggered the City. Perhaps the most serious part of the thing is the failure of the other directors of his various companies to safeguard the interests of their shareholders. It is clear that the losses which will fall on those who confided in Mr. Grenfell and the various groups which he controlled will run far beyond a million sterling. It is to be hoped that the whole affair will be thoroughly explored, so that it may serve as a warning to depositors and investors in the future. On Wednesday and Thursday, Wall Street was upset by a very heavy failure—that of a dry goods company which has paid good dividends for several years past. The name of H. B. Claflin & Co. has enjoyed good credit, and the liabilities are estimated at somewhere about six millions sterling. It is not surprising that this news depressed the American Market. The third cause for financial anxiety has been the hitch in the negotiations for the Brazil loan, which is said to be essential if the Brazil Government is to pay its way. Even if all the firms interested co-operate whole-heartedly with Messrs. Rothschild, a great difficulty, it may be predicted, will be experienced in getting much more money out of the British public for another Brazil loan. Otherwise, the general situation looks better; Mexican troubles really seem to be less hopeless; the City is almost confident about an Ulster settlement; and, finally, the risk of another war in South-Eastern Europe seems to be diminishing. Money, meanwhile, is in more demand, and there is considerable activity in trade bills, largely, it would appear, in anticipation of heavy wheat exports from the United States as the result of an exceptionally fine harvest.

THE FALL IN CANADIAN SECURITIES.

Nearly all Canadian securities have fallen rather heavily in the last few weeks, though it is a little remarkable that some of them have not fallen more than is actually the case. The Canadian Agency was the "shop" for a considerable number of Canadian bonds, more particularly of Western land and mortgage companies, and, of course, the failure of the shop means the virtual extinction of the market in its

securities. Then Mr. A. M. Grenfell had been carrying a big account in Grand Trunks and certain other stocks in which a genuine market exists, and the natural result has been to depress the quotations of these securities. The investor may be wondering whether some Canadian securities may not have been depressed below their real values by the unfortunate circumstances of the last few weeks. The falls in a few securities since June 1st are set out below:—

	Price June 1.	Price Now.	Rise or Fall.
Canadian Pacific	199½	197	— 2½
Grand Trunk Ord.	18½	17	— 1½
Do. Third Pref.	39½	38	— 1½
Algoma Central Bonds 5%	95	87½	— 7½
Do. Terminal Bonds 5%	91	87½	— 3½
Algoma Steel Corp. 5% Bonds	81½	81½	—
British Columbia Elec. Rlwy. Def. Ord.	112	111	— 1
Lake Superior Corp. 5% Bonds	89	85½	— 3½
South Winnipeg 5% Def.	76½	65	— 11½
Hudson's Bay Shares	9½	9	— ½
Western Can. Land Debs.	81½	52½	— 29

The price of Canadian Pacifics, like those of the Government and Provincial stocks, has not been in the least affected by the failures, which, after all, do not concern Canada at all. Trunks are only slightly lower, because they had dropped so much beforehand, when Mr. A. M. Grenfell's own account was taken over. The securities which have fallen most in the above list are Western Canada Land and South Winnipeg Bonds. The Canadian Agency was the shop for these as well as for the Southern Alberta Land securities. This company has gone into receivership already as the result of shortage in its own resources, and not because of the difficulties of the London firm. The raising of more money for that company, and for the rest of the companies connected with the Canadian Agency, will be a difficult matter now the "shop" is gone. Investors over here know so little of the actual present value of the properties whose potential value is supposed to be so great that they will be chary of putting up more money in the hope of pulling them through. The Algoma Railway and Lake Superior Iron group, though associated with the Canadian Agency, are controlled by another group which, so far, has been very successful. The securities of these have not depreciated much, and if the enterprises fulfil the promises on which they were floated, their securities will command higher prices later on. But at present there is so much promise and so little performance in the matter of Canadian Industrial undertakings that investment in any of them is very much a matter of speculation on future development.

THE BANKING AMALGAMATION.

The banking world has not had to wait long for a reply in kind by Sir Edward Holden to the absorption of the Wilts and Dorset Bank by Lloyd's, for late last Friday week it was announced that the London City and Midland will acquire the Metropolitan Bank (of England and Wales), Ltd. This bank is a member of the London Clearing, and its absorption is the first amalgamation between London Clearing banks since the great County and Westminster fusion. Metropolitan shareholders will receive eleven City and Midland shares (£12 each, with £2 10s. paid) for every seven Metropolitan shares (which are £50 each, with £5 paid). The amalgamation therefore brings about some economy of paid-up capital, because of the high rate of dividend (18 per cent.) on City and Midland shares. The deposits of the City and Midland will be raised to about £105,000,000 as the result of the transaction.

LUCELLUM.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds Exceed £23,500,000.

Income Exceeds £5,500,000.

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

